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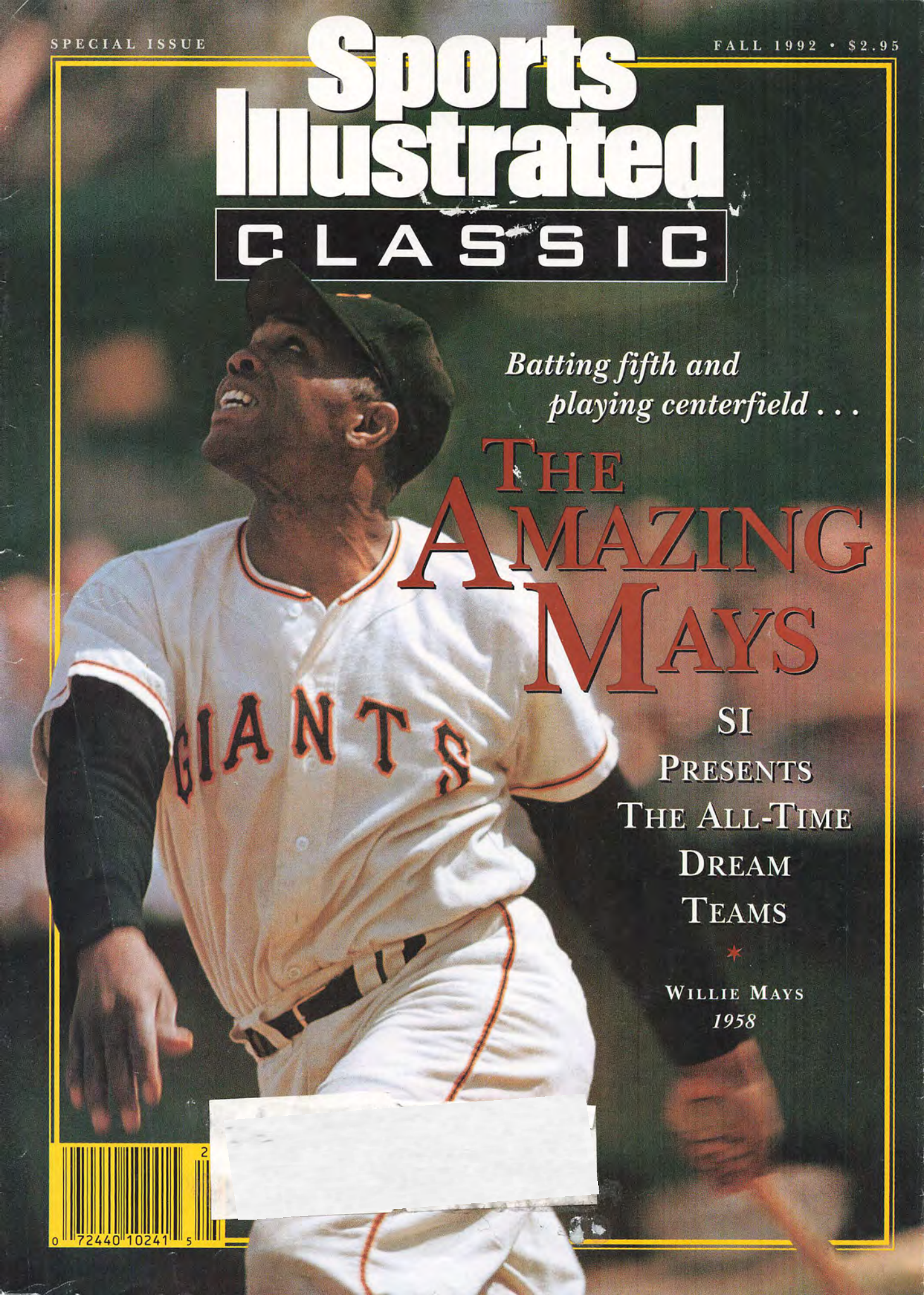
Sports Illustrated CLASSIC

FALL 1992 • $2.95



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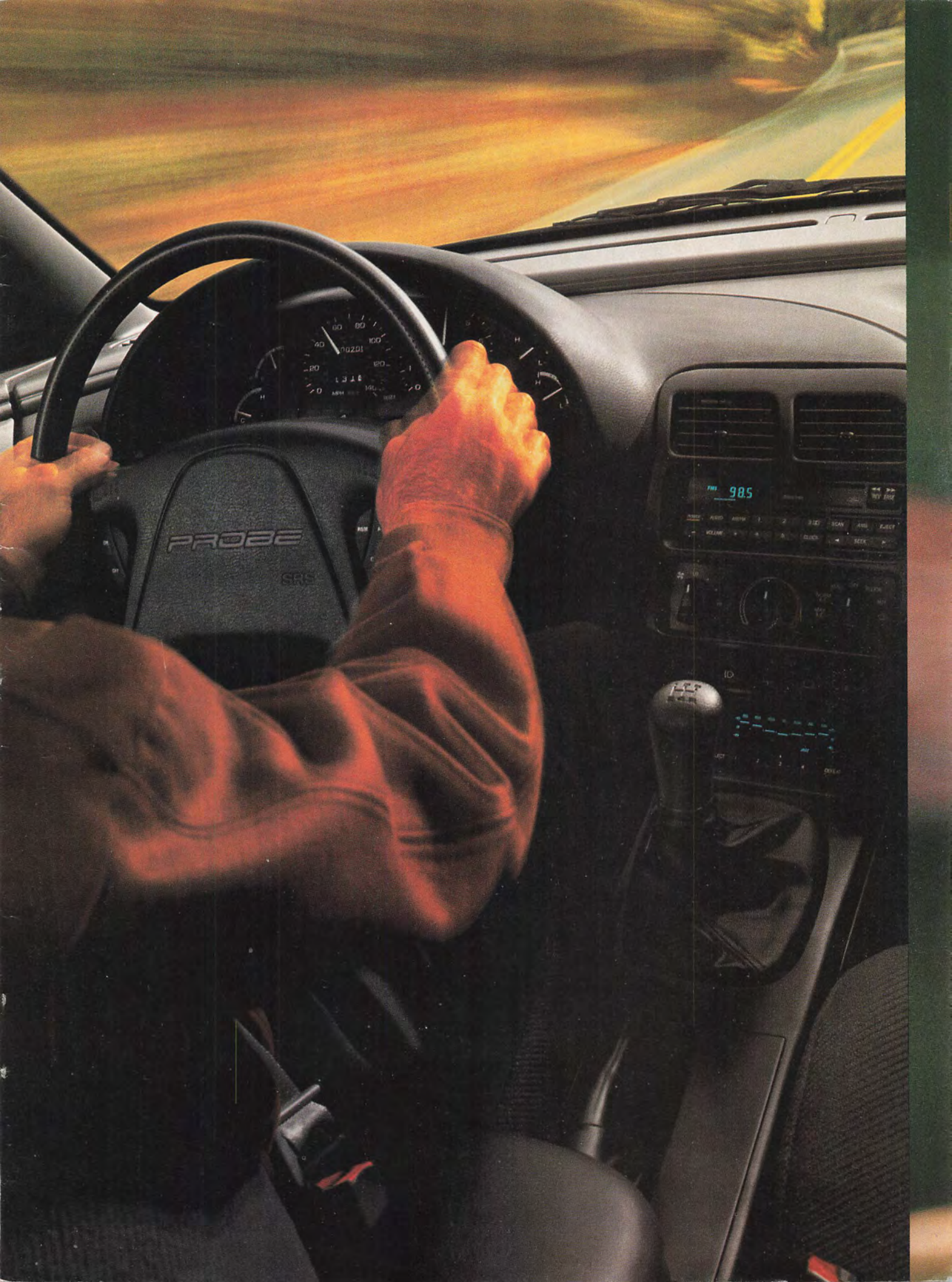
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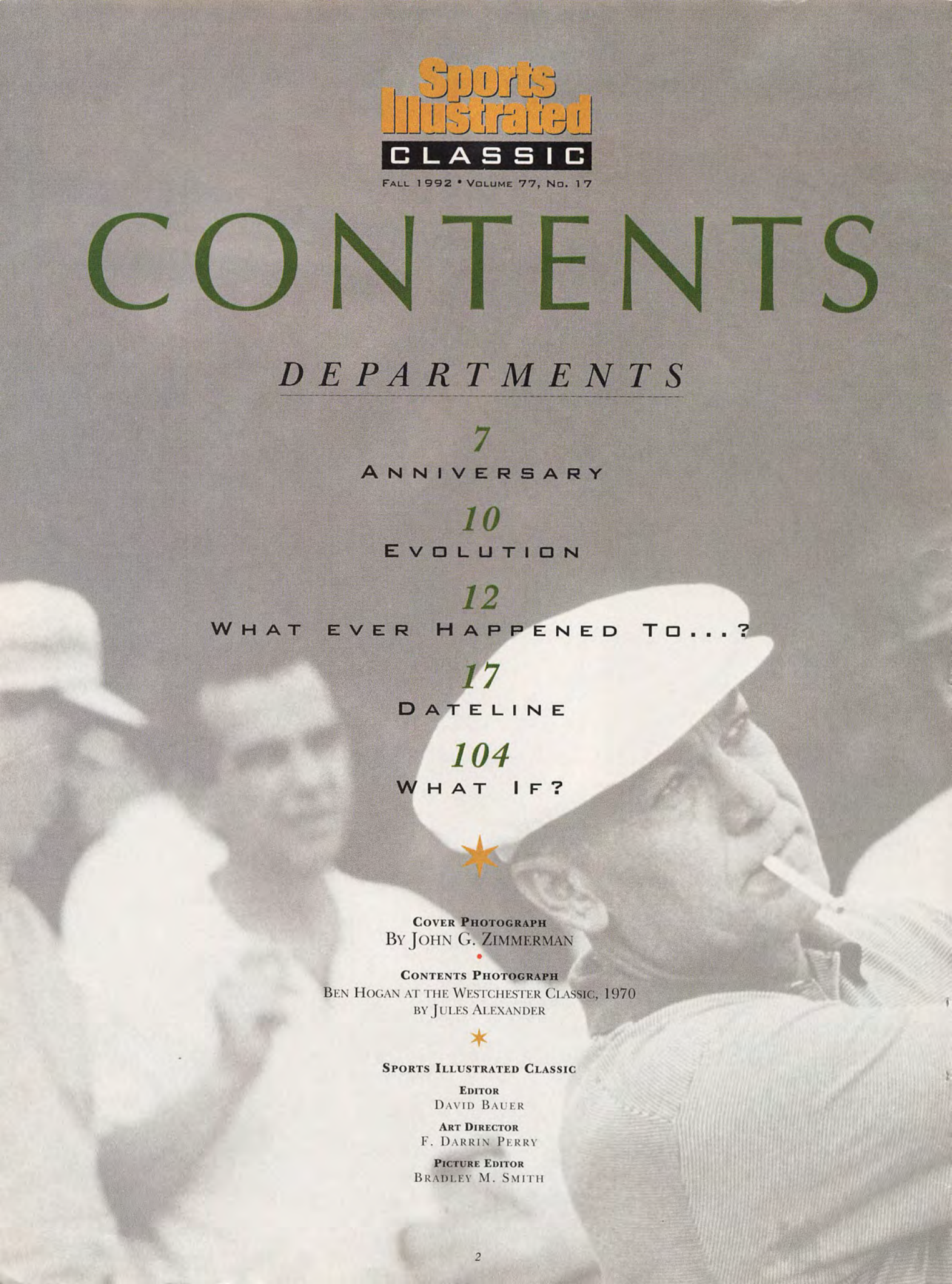

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FROM THE EDITOR

★★★

AT DUSK on a muggy evening during the 1979 Westchester Classic, Jeanine Morgan was watching her husband, Gil, practice his short irons on the driving range at Westchester (N.Y.) Country Club when she was invited to have an iced tea on the terrace of the course-side home of photographer Jules Alexander. While Jeanine sipped, Gil hit a few last wedges and then walked over to retrieve his wife.

"I wonder if I could show you some photographs?" Alexander asked Gil.

"Sorry, but we have a dinner engagement," said Gil.

"They're of Ben Hogan."

"Where's your phone?"

The Morgans postponed supper, and Gil spent two hours in Alexander's living room poring over pictures that Alexander had taken of Hogan at the 1959 U.S. Open. "That's the magic of Hogan's name," says Alexander. "He has a certain mystique that no golfer can resist." Several of the shots that mesmerized Morgan that evening are included in the Hogan photo essay that begins on page 42 of this, the second special edition of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED CLASSIC.

MICHAEL WRIGHT

In Texas, Alexander (right) visited at last with Hogan, his hero.

Alexander, 65 and a five handicapper, built his own golf swing by reading a five-part series of articles written by Hogan entitled *The Modern Fundamentals of Golf* (SI, March 11, 1957, et seq.). He became fascinated by Hogan; when the U.S. Open came to Winged Foot in Mamaroneck, N.Y., in '59, Alexander, a free-lance photographer, shadowed Hogan for all 72 holes. "He always looked so isolated, deep in thought," says Alexander, "as if he were playing chess rather than golf."

Although he worked for 10 years for *Golf* magazine, Alexander never met Hogan until Aug. 14, 1992. It was the day after Hogan's 80th birthday, and Alexander arranged to meet golf's most notorious recluse at Hogan's country club, Shady Oaks in Fort Worth. "I gave him reproductions of my photographs, then we talked for 15 minutes and had our picture taken together," Alexander says. "It was one of the biggest thrills of my life."

The Hogan portfolio has caused more than a few curious Hoganophiles to turn up at Alexander's door. One evening in 1988, PGA golfer Chip Beck stopped by to see about purchasing one of the photos. Alexander offered Beck a print of the shot of his choice; while struggling to decide which photo to take, Beck said, "You know, Jules, I'm probably Hogan's number one fan."

"Sorry, my friend," Alexander responded. "You'll have to settle for number two, because I will always be Ben Hogan's number one fan."

Mark Mulvoy

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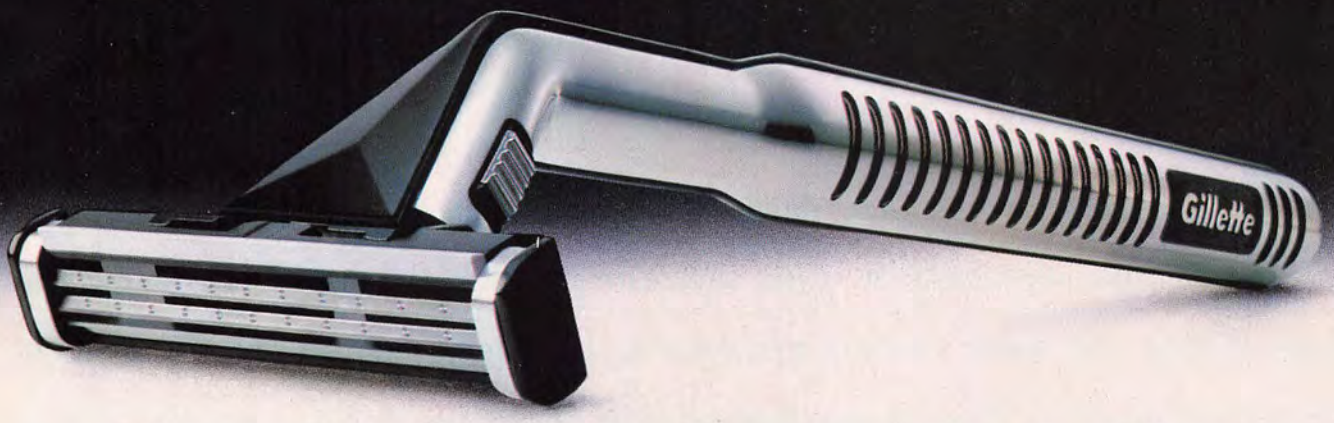

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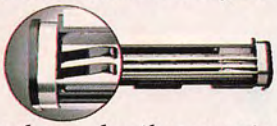

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THEN AND NOW

EDITED BY HANK HERSCH

ANNIVERSARY

100 YEARS AGO

SULLIVAN'S LAST STAND

"MY NAME is John L. Sullivan, and I can lick any sonofabitch in the house."

He made that promise while waving a stein of John Barleycorn at the drinking public, and he backed it up with his fists against any doubter fool enough to face him in the smoke-filled back room of a saloon. By 1892 Sullivan had been the champion of the world of bare-knuckle fighting for a decade, though it had been three years since he defended his title in a 75-rounder against Jake Kilrain. Since he beat Kilrain, Sullivan's occasional bouts with patsies—as well as his regular benders at the saloon—had diminished his stature a bit. But to most folks he was still John L., the 5′ 10½″, 212-pound Boston Strong Boy—budding stage idol, possible congressional material and, until proven otherwise, the strongest man in any house.

The prizefight game had changed since John L. KO'd Kilrain—in 1890 it had become legal in Louisiana—and the 33-year-old Sullivan made the first sanctioned heavyweight title fight ever the stage of his last defense. His opponent in New Orleans on Sept. 7, 1892, was 26-year-old James Corbett, known as Gentleman Jim. A former bank clerk, Corbett lacked Sullivan's raw power in the ring and his roguish charm out of it. "To me it was the most boring thing in the world to be mauled around by a lot of drunks," Corbett once wrote, "and . . . there, old John L. 'was on his native heath.' "

For days the prefight hype had relegated the presidential race between Grover Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison to the back pages of the newspapers, and 10,000 spectators flocked to the Olympic Club for the bout. At the betting windows, John L., 34 pounds heavier than the 6′ 1″ Corbett, was a 4-to-1 favorite. Even Gentleman Jim's dad laid out two weeks' pay on the champ.

At the opening gong a snarling Sullivan charged out of his corner, determined to catch his agile challenger before he could sprint away. But the champion's trademark overhand left missed Corbett's jaw. In the fifth round Corbett drilled Sullivan with a series of blows to the head, drawing blood from the champ's nose.

Heretofore John L. had been renowned for his sturdy constitution. Against Kilrain, in 115° heat, he had steadily quaffed tea and bourbon between rounds, a combination that caused him to vomit in the 44th round. Asked by his manager, Jim Wakely, if he was all right, Sullivan had said, "That I am. I just threw up the tea and kept the whiskey down."

But that had been three years earlier. In the 21st round Sullivan could barely raise his arms. Corbett's last punch was a mere formality, a blow to Sullivan's jaw. John L. stood for a moment before flopping forward onto his broken nose.

The nation had a new champ but hardly a new hero. No boxer could succeed the colorful Sullivan. Eventually John L.'s stage career floundered, and he spent his fortune in the saloons. Before he died in 1918 he became a spokesman for a cause that he had never before held dear: temperance. —CHRISTIAN STONE

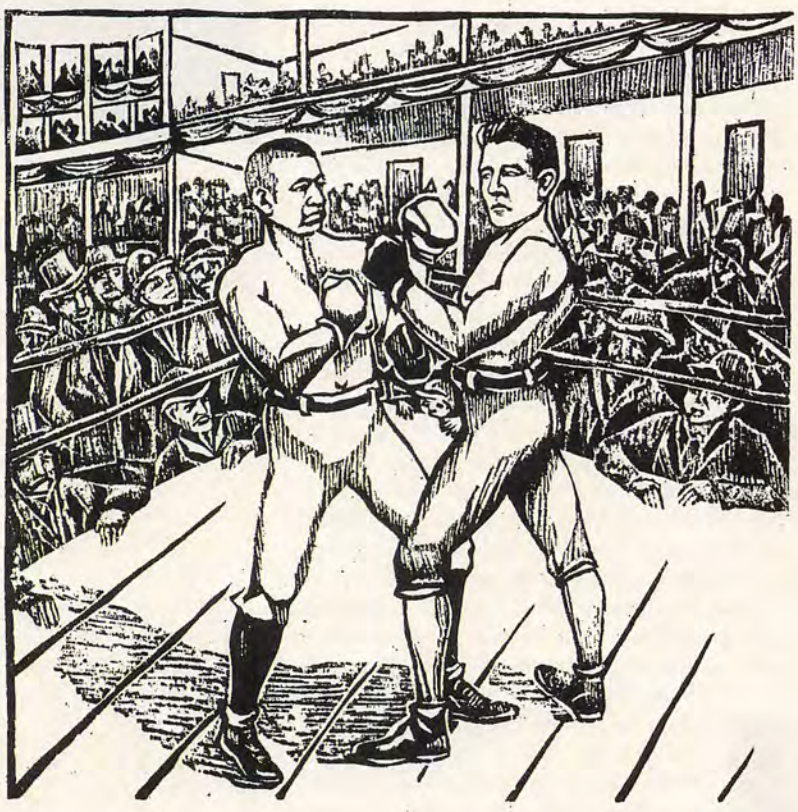

ILLUSTRATION BY GAYLE HEGLAND

▲ *In a bout that captivated the country, Corbett (right) outslugged the beloved Boston Strong Boy.*

ANNIVERSARY

75 YEARS AGO

NO HITS, BUT NO HISTORY

ERNIE SHORE'S only mistake on the afternoon of June 23, 1917, was that he didn't start what he finished. The man who did that day at Fenway Park was none other than Babe Ruth, the star pitcher for the Boston Red Sox, who were then the three-time defending World Series champs. Ruth had started the first game of a doubleheader against the Washington Senators and thrown four pitches—all balls—to the leadoff batter, Ray Morgan.

When umpire Brick Owens dispatched Morgan to first base, the Bambino went bananas. An enraged Ruth was not one to make the distinction between an ump and some wise-talking yahoo at a Back Bay bar. He stomped around home plate and emitted more than a few pleasantries. Owens, once described by *Washington Post* writer J.V. Fitz Gerald as able to "lick his weight in wildcats," waved his hands menacingly at Ruth. The Babe responded by taking a swing at Owens, catching him behind the left ear. Owens responded by ejecting Ruth from the game.

Onto the mound came Shore, a promising young righthander who had won 35 games in the previous two seasons. Boston manager Jack Barry asked him just to keep the game close while he got another pitcher up in the bullpen. On Shore's first pitch Morgan took off for second and was caught stealing. Shore proceeded to retire the next 26 batters.

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Shore's feat was long deemed a perfect game, but because he pitched in relief, there were repeated attempts to discount his gem. Last year Fay Vincent's committee for statistical accuracy cast 50 no-hitters out of the record book for assorted reasons. Shore's was among them.

As for the Babe, he was given a lenient 10-day suspension and a $100 fine for his antics. The memory of the indignity, however, stuck with him. In his autobiography, *The Babe Ruth Story*, published in 1948, he wrote: "Though I've cooled off a lot in the 30 years since then, I still insist that three of the four [balls] should have been strikes."

—CHRISTIAN STONE

UPI/BETTMANN

With Longden aboard, Count Fleet sat pretty after the Preakness.

Shore threw a perfect game, but only after Ruth threw a fit.

ANNIVERSARY

50 YEARS AGO

'THE BEST I EVER RODE'

A FEW years ago in Lexington, Ky., some of horse racing's elite waged a cocktail-party debate over who was the best racehorse ever to wear a bridle. Naturally somebody mentioned Man o' War, whose dominance in 1919 and '20 took on mythic proportions. Jimmy Jones made the case for Citation, the 1948 Triple Crown winner he trained for Calumet Farms. The boosters for Secretariat, the '73 Triple Crown winner, were led by his owner, Helen (Penny) Tweedy. Finally Woody Stephens, trainer of five straight Belmont Stakes winners in the 1980s, laughed and said, "You're all forgetting one of the best I ever saw. What about Count Fleet?"

Indeed, next spring will be the 50th anniversary of Count Fleet's Triple Crown, and surely he deserves mention in any conversation about the sport's immortals. Or does he? "I don't think so," says Jones, now 85. "When he won the Triple Crown, it wasn't a tough year. As the year went on, he got better and everyone else got worse. The horses he beat couldn't have won a good allowance race."

Jockey Eddie Arcaro, who rode Citation, disagrees. "That happens with great horses," he says. "Once they get to beating horses, they make it look easy. Who did Citation beat? Who did Secretariat beat? Don't let anybody kid you. Count Fleet was an extraordinary horse."

It was at Belmont Park in the spring of '42 that jockey Johnny Longden first noticed the poten-

AND THE COUNT IS IN

Where does Count Fleet rank among the greatest horses in racing history? According to our panel of experts,* he finishes fifth, by a nose. Here's the Top 10 (with career starts, first-, second-, third-place finishes).

1. MAN O' WAR
chestnut colt, 1919–20
21-20-1-0

2. SECRETARIAT
chestnut colt, 1972–73
21-16-3-1

3. CITATION
bay colt, 1947–48; 1950–51
45-32-10-2

4. KELSO
dark bay gelding, 1959–66
63-39-12-2

5. COUNT FLEET
brown colt, 1942–43
21-16-4-1

6. SYSONBY
bay colt, 1904–05
15-14-0-1

7. NATIVE DANCER
gray colt, 1952–54
22-21-1-0

8. NASHUA
bay colt, 1954–56
30-22-4-1

9. SEATTLE SLEW
dark bay colt, 1976–78
17-14-2-0

10. COLIN
brown colt, 1907–08
15-15-0-0

*The panel: Joe Hirsch, executive columnist, *Daily Racing Form*; Woody Stephens, thoroughbred trainer for more than 50 years; Jim McKay, broadcaster, ABC Sports; Jim Bolus, secretary-treasurer, National Turf Writers Association; Frank E. Kilroe, retired California racing official; Tommy Trotter, Arlington International Race Course steward; and William F. Reed, turf writer for 28 years.

tial of Count Fleet, a temperamental, slightly built, almost effeminate 2-year-old son of 1928 Kentucky Derby winner Reigh Count, out of the undistinguished Quickly. Count Fleet's owner was John D. Hertz, the rental-car and Yellow Cab magnate (his horses raced in black-and-yellow silks, of course), and Longden was the contract rider for Hertz's stable. Hertz was about to sell the fractious colt for $4,500 when Longden objected. "He loves to run," Longden argued.

"The colt is dangerous," replied Hertz.

"I'm not afraid of him," Longden said.

"All right," said Hertz. "If you're game to ride him, I'll keep him."

Six months later Count Fleet, trained by Don Cameron, covered six furlongs in a Belmont Park workout in 1:08⅖, a second faster than the track record.

The Count had 12 wins in 17 starts heading into the 1943 Kentucky Derby. Because that Churchill Downs crowd consisted mainly of Louisville residents and soldiers from nearby Fort Knox—the usual Derby patrons were deterred by wartime gasoline shortages and travel restrictions—it was dubbed the Streetcar Derby. Count Fleet went off at 1–2 odds, the shortest in the race's history, and Longden drew off to an easy three-length win in the slow time of 2:04 for the mile and a quarter. At the Preakness the Count had only three challengers and won by eight lengths. At 3–20, paying $2.30 for $2, he was the shortest-priced winner ever in the race.

For the Belmont, the third leg of the Crown, his odds tumbled to 1–20, the legal minimum payoff at the time. With the race such a mismatch, the Count's camp let the word out that he would be going for a track record. He finished in a Belmont Stakes–record 2:28⅕ and a stunning 25 lengths ahead of Fairy Manhurst.

But there was bad news at Belmont. In crossing the point where the starting chute for shorter races intersected with the main track, the colt had taken a bad step. "I was starting to ease him up," Longden recalls, "but the further he went, the further he got ahead." As the colt was being cooled out that night, it was discovered that he had bowed a tendon. He never raced again.

Arcaro still denounces Longden's judgment that day. "It's too bad he [Count Fleet] didn't last longer, but I blame Longden for that," Arcaro says. "The dumb s.o.b. let him win by 30. All he had to do was wrap him up and let him win by five, and then he might have had some horse left. But they wanted to break a track record with him. If he had been able to run as a 4-year-old, he might be recognized today as the greatest ever."

Longden, now 85, lives in Banning, Calif., and he has neither regrets nor doubts about that Belmont ride. As he recalls Count Fleet, it's as if he is aboard the colt and galloping ahead of the pack, daring someone to catch them and knowing no one can. "He was the best horse I ever rode," says Longden, who won 6,032 races between 1927 and '66. "The best I ever *saw*. He could win at any distance, on any kind of a track. Nobody really knew how good he was outside of myself, and even I don't know. I never touched him with the whip." —WILLIAM F. REED

ANNIVERSARY

25 YEARS AGO

FROM HERE TO OBSCURITY

BETH PHILLIPS

THE INAUGURAL red, white and blue tip-off of the American Basketball Association, a game between the Oakland Oaks and the Anaheim Amigos, took place at the Oakland Coliseum Arena on Oct. 13, 1967, which happened to be a Friday the 13th. It also happened to be the day after Game 7 of the World Series; the day Charlie Finley officially announced his intention to move the Kansas City A's to Oakland; and the same night that the San Francisco Warriors, the NBA's Bay Area outfit, were opening at home. No, the stars were not aligned for an auspicious debut.

The owner of the Oaks, Pat Boone, who had promised a Hollywood-type atmosphere for the opener, sang the national anthem. The ABA's best player, Rick Barry, did indeed gab with a Hollywood type, James Garner, as he watched his Oak teammates from the stands. (Barry's previous boss, Warrior owner Franklin Mieuli, had obtained an injunction preventing Barry from suiting up for any other team that season.) Miss Oak was crowned. Two Honda motorcycles were given away. And, oh yes, the Oaks

THEN AND NOW

defeated the Amigos 134–129 before a crowd of 4,828, more or less.

The contest itself showcased no players of any lasting distinction. Oakland forward Willie Porter scored the league's first basket 64 seconds into the game on a tip-in. The Oak backcourt of Andy Anderson and Levern (Jelly) Tart combined for 56 points. John Fairchild, a 6′ 8″ former Los Angeles Laker, led the Amigos with 30 points, more or less; the scoring totals for the Amigos actually added up to 131, not 129, in the *San Francisco Chronicle* box score the next day.

Amigo owner Art Kim was not entirely displeased with being part of the ABA's lackluster opener. In fact, because gate revenues were split evenly between both teams and because Kim sensed that he was unlikely to draw well at home, he had scheduled his club for as many road openers as possible. In a 13-day trip the Amigos went from Oakland to Denver to Dallas to Indiana to Kentucky to Minnesota and lost five of six, before arriving in Anaheim, where they lost again. ✶

1993
?

1992
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1992
Ultra-Molded Reebok

1989
Introduction of the Pump

1990
Nike with Hand-Held Pump

1988
Air Jordan

1987
First Nike Cross-Trainer

EVOLUTION

THE ATHLETIC SHOE TREE

NOT EVEN the most prescient ancient Egyptian wearing sandals made of plant fiber could have envisioned today's athletic footwear: Coming soon, shoes that emit a red light on impact. From 1868, when the flat-soled rubber-and-canvas shoe was introduced, to the early 1970s, the sneaker developed at a modest pace. Then Bill Bowerman, track coach at Oregon, accelerated the process with a variety of creations, including the Moon Shoe, the sole of which consisted of latex poured into his wife's waffle iron. From Bowerman's tinkering came a conglomerate, Nike. In the '70s (the jogging decade), the '80s (the aerobics decade) and the '90s (the gadget decade), buyers hungered for the shoe *juste* and spawned a $12 billion industry. And through it all, the 1916 Keds slipper survives intact. ✶

1974
Nike Waffle Trainer

1979
First Air Shoe

1972
Nike Cortez

1972
Bowerman Moon Shoe

300-30 B.C.
Egyptian Sandal

1890s
Early Baseball Shoe

1895
Foster Running Pump

1916
Keds Sports Slipper

1992
DUAL-STRAPPED NIKE

1992
DISC-TIGHTENED PUMA

1992
AIRED-OUT ADIDAS

1992
TAIL-LIT L.A. GEAR

1990
AIR JORDAN

1991
NIKE AIR 180

1991
AIR JORDAN, IN-YOUR-FACE VIEW

1991
NIKE AIR HUARACHE

1986
CONVERSE BASKETBALL SHOE

1986
L. A. GEAR 'FASHION' SHOE

1985
FIRST AIR JORDAN

1985
IVAN LENDL'S TENNIS SHOE

1982
FIRST AEROBICS SHOE

1982
NIKE AIR FORCE ONE

1984
OLYMPIC HIGH JUMP SHOE

1984
'VELCRO' RUNNING SHOE

1968
ADIDAS GAZELLE

1968
MUHAMMAD ALI'S SHOE

1968
FULL CUSHIONED MID-SOLE

1960
OLYMPIC SPRINTER'S SHOE

1923
CONVERSE ALL-STAR

1936
JESSE OWENS'S TRACK SHOE

1945
KEDS BASKETBALL HIGH-TOP

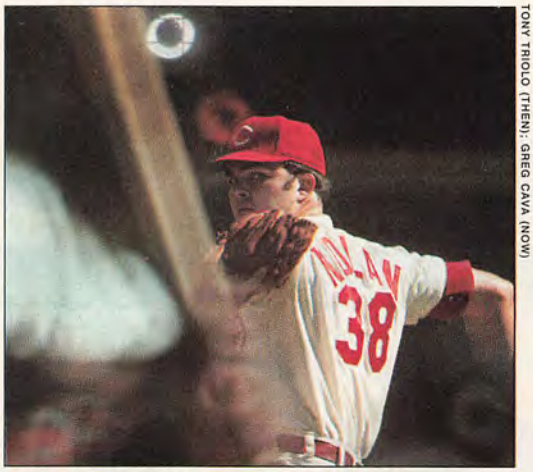
1950s
BOWERMAN TRACK SHOE

BETH PHILLIPS (28)
BRET WILLS (4)
W. MILES WRIGHT/MCCLUNG MUSEUM (1)
NATIONAL BASEBALL LIBRARY (1)

THE PITCHMAN

SITTING IN a quiet corner of the bustling Mirage Hotel in Las Vegas, Gary Nolan wonders aloud if his 10-year career as a major league pitcher wasn't itself a mirage. "There were some good seasons, an All-Star Game and four World Series," says Nolan, who in 1967 was baseball's brightest phenom as a teenage righthander with the Cincinnati Reds. "But then it was over like it never even happened. My career ended 15 years ago, and if I was playing today, I still wouldn't be the oldest player in the game."

He is 44 now, a year younger than Nolan Ryan. But while Ryan is still on the hill for the Texas Rangers, Nolan has been on the floor of the casino industry for the last 15 years. After being released by the California Angels in 1978, Nolan, his wife and four children moved to Vegas, where Nolan took a job dealing blackjack at the Golden Nugget Hotel. He then was a dealer and a floorman at the MGM Grand Hotel for 10 years before moving in '89 to the Mirage, where he is an executive casino host.



TONY TRIOLO (THEN); GREG CAVA (NOW)

Nolan: He moved from the mound to the Mirage.

Nolan has smoothly shifted from pitcher to pitchman. He strides around the hotel in the same self-assured way he stalked the mound early in his career. There is still the exuberant, slightly brash tone in his voice that he had as a baby-faced 18-year-old, when he rightly predicted that he would make the bigs. It's an effective voice for chatting up guests and schmoozing coworkers. "Still love playing in front of a big crowd," he says.

Indeed, less than two weeks after turning 19, he whiffed Willie Mays four times in one game. As a Red rookie, Nolan was 14–8 with 206 strikeouts, and in his first six seasons he went 76–47. Seemingly the toughest challenge for Nolan then was living up to the hype about his talent. Said Cincinnati manager Sparky Anderson in 1970, "Right now Gary is the closest pitcher to Tom Seaver in the league."

But while he was slinging 95-mph fastballs with precocious accuracy, nobody told him his arm was turning to marshmallow. By his 25th birthday Nolan had blown out his shoulder; by 29, with 110 career wins, he was washed up. Nolan tried a comeback with the San Diego Padres in 1980, but his arm lasted only one inning in spring training.

DICK RAPHAEL (THEN); JOEY IVANSCO (NOW)

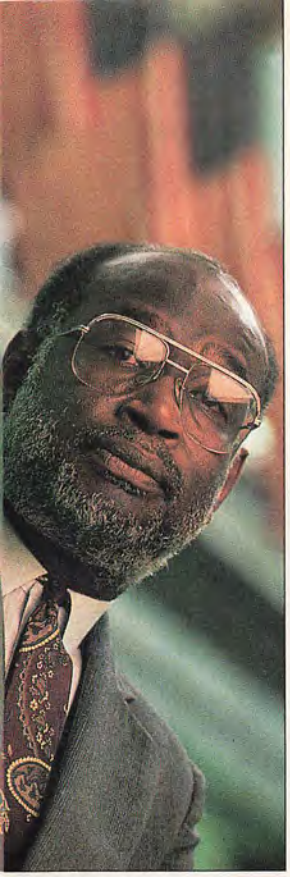
Nolan then parlayed his contacts from the game to get into gaming. He will still pitch in old-timers' showcases, though his name no longer rivals those of such onetime peers as Ryan and Seaver. "You want to be remembered," Nolan says. "But, hey, I have a hard enough time remembering my own career." —CHRISTIAN STONE

WALT'S WORLD

NOW THAT he is no longer on the court, Walt (Bells) Bellamy can no longer be accused of going half speed. Since retiring in 1975 after a 14-year NBA career and settling in Atlanta with his wife and son, Bellamy has chaired the affirmative action committee for the Georgia Democratic Party, organized for the AFL-CIO and acted as a delegate to four Democratic national conventions. In '77 Bellamy even got his foot in the door of the Georgia Senate by keeping others' feet out; he was elected doorkeeper there and served for four years.

Bellamy the player often dragged his size 14's. As a 6′ 11″ rookie center for the Chicago Packers in 1961–62, he was described by Los Angeles Laker coach Fred Schaus as "the happy medium between the two great centers. He can score almost as well as Wilt Chamberlain and play defense almost as well as Bill Russell." But over his career Bellamy was often cast as that unhappy medium between lofty potential and lesser production. "When he gets up, he's tremendous," said Willis Reed, a Knick teammate in the late '60s. "[But] it takes a lot to get him up."

Still, Bells rang up 20.1 points a game and is the NBA's seventh alltime leading rebounder. "When I



Bellamy: An enigma as a player, he's an activist now.

was playing, the coaches kept me in for 48 minutes," Bellamy says. "When I look at the present players, the guys playing the same position I played, they're playing 20, 25 minutes." He shrugs. A finalist for the Basketball Hall of Fame three times, he is likely to be nominated once more this November.

These days Bellamy is on the board of the Southwest Family Branch YMCA, where he is heavily involved in fund-raising. He's also president of the Atlanta Police Athletic League and lobbies for the PAL. "I try to tell people to forget about building more jails and use the money toward creating a wholesome program for youth," Bellamy says.

At a lean 278 pounds, Bellamy swims regularly but rarely plays basketball. He has found his own happy medium now, as a hard worker for good causes. ✶

Beaming Again

WHEN 17-YEAR-OLD Soviet gymnast Olga Korbut performed her daring back flips on the uneven bars and balance beam at the 1972 Summer Olympics in Munich, TV viewers around the world gasped—and then fell instantly in love with the 4′ 11″, 85-pound dynamo in pigtails. "I don't believe it!" said ABC's color commentator Gordon Maddux when Korbut flung herself into space while performing on the bars. "Give her an 11!"

Now living in Atlanta, Korbut looks back and sees herself as an innovator, one who pushed the envelope in gymnastics, having much the same impact that a mostly male cast—e.g., Bannister, Fosbury, Beamon, Bubka, Gretzky, Jordan—has had in other sports. "Plus . . . I smile!" says Korbut, her face lighting up as it did when she won three gold medals.

Much has happened to Korbut since 1972: She married folk-rock musician Leonid Bortkevich, and in '79 they had a son, Richard. But the intervening years have not been full of joy. She is upset that Soviet gymnastics officials didn't support her after her career ended at the Montreal Games in 1976. Worst of all, says Korbut, the Soviet government "failed to alert its citizens about the radiation dangers resulting from the Chernobyl nuclear reactor disaster in 1986. My family lived in Minsk; we could see the radiation cloud from 180 miles away, but the government never even told us to stay indoors."

Because of the Chernobyl disaster, Korbut has found both a mission in life and a means to exorcise her anger. When friends and relatives became ill, some even dying because of what Korbut believes were Chernobyl-related causes, she and Richard underwent cancer tests on a trip to the U.S. While their tests were negative, Korbut became convinced during the trip that she needed to get personally involved in aiding Chernobyl victims. "If you don't deliver medical supplies in person, as I have done," says Korbut, "they end up on the black market."

Working with the Seattle-based Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center, the Olga Korbut Foundation has raised $70,000 for medical supplies, equipment and training, mainly through speeches and clinics given by Korbut. The foundation has also enabled two teenage girls—one, from Minsk, with congenital heart problems, and another, from Grodno, Korbut's birthplace, with leukemia—to come to the U.S. for treatment.

Korbut: Settled in Atlanta, she works for victims of Chernobyl.

NEIL LEIFER (THEN); JOEY IVANSCO (NOW)

Korbut moved to Atlanta in 1991, partly to establish a coaching career there before the '96 Olympics and partly because of the warm Georgia climate. While in the Soviet Union she never had a chance to see footage from Munich. As she watched the videotape recently, her face was a mixture of wonder and wistfulness. "When I look at that little girl out there, it's almost like I envy her—and yet I want to help her," Korbut says.

Instead, she has channeled her energy into helping those in need now. "I try not to focus on the annoying things in my past," she says. "It's like the Russian proverb says: If I always watch who steps on my feet, I wouldn't walk."

"I know I should quit."

NIDAJ113/A7024

"Don't tell me why, tell me how."

You don't need lectures, you need help. Well, now there's a revolutionary product that can actually help relieve the body's craving for nicotine, when used as part of a comprehensive behavioral smoking-cessation program.

Nicoderm is a small, thin 24-hour patch that goes on your upper body and delivers a continuous flow of nicotine through your skin. Nicoderm has been clinically proven to help relieve the withdrawal symptoms that usually come with quitting.

As part of your smoking-cessation program, your doctor can provide a free Nicoderm Committed Quitter's book containing strategies for outwitting—and outlasting—your habit.

The Nicoderm patch is available only with a prescription. Why not ask your doctor about it? After just 10 weeks of Nicoderm therapy you could be on your way to a new nonsmoking life-style.

Nicoderm should be used as part of a comprehensive behavioral smoking-cessation program. Nicoderm should not be used for more than 3 months. If you are pregnant or nursing, you should discuss other ways to stop smoking with your doctor. Because Nicoderm, like cigarettes, contains nicotine, it could harm your baby. Marion Merrell Dow does not recommend use of Nicoderm in pregnant women.

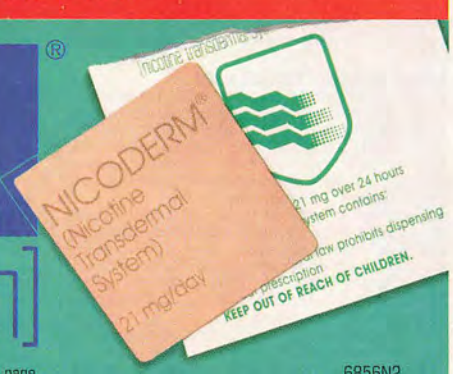
If you have cardiovascular disease, discuss other ways to stop smoking with your doctor. If you are taking any prescription medicines or are under a doctor's care for any condition, you should discuss the potential risk of using Nicoderm with your doctor.

There may be other risks associated with the use of Nicoderm. **Ask Your Doctor About the Nicoderm Patch.**

NOW IN PLENTIFUL SUPPLY.

NICODERM®

[nicotine transdermal system]



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Please see brief summary of prescribing information on an adjacent page.

6856N2

Brief Summary of
Prescribing Information as of January 1992

NICODERM®
(nicotine transdermal system)

Systemic delivery of 21, 14, or 7 mg/day over 24 hours

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without prescription.

DESCRIPTION
NICODERM is a transdermal system that provides systemic delivery of nicotine for 24 hours following its application to intact skin.
The NICODERM system is a multilayered rectangular film containing nicotine as the active agent. For the three doses the composition per unit area is identical. Proceeding from the visible surface toward the surface attached to the skin are (1) an occlusive backing (polyethylene/aluminum/polyester/ethylene-vinyl acetate copolymer); (2) a drug reservoir containing nicotine (in an ethylene-vinyl acetate copolymer matrix); (3) a rate-controlling membrane (polyethylene); (4) a polyisobutylene adhesive; and (5) a protective liner that covers the adhesive layer and must be removed before application to the skin.

INDICATIONS AND USAGE
NICODERM treatment is indicated as an aid to smoking cessation for the relief of nicotine withdrawal symptoms. NICODERM treatment should be used as part of a comprehensive behavioral smoking-cessation program.
The use of NICODERM systems for longer than 3 months has not been studied.

CONTRAINDICATIONS
Use of NICODERM systems is contraindicated in patients with hypersensitivity or allergy to nicotine or to any of the components of the therapeutic system.

WARNINGS
Nicotine from any source can be toxic and addictive. Smoking causes lung cancer, heart disease, and emphysema and may adversely affect the fetus and the pregnant woman. For any smoker, with or without concomitant disease or pregnancy, the risk of nicotine replacement in a smoking-cessation program should be weighed against the hazard of continued smoking while using NICODERM systems and the likelihood of achieving cessation of smoking without nicotine replacement.

Pregnancy Warning
Tobacco smoke, which has been shown to be harmful to the fetus, contains nicotine, hydrogen cyanide, and carbon monoxide. Nicotine has been shown in animal studies to cause fetal harm. It is therefore presumed that NICODERM systems can cause fetal harm when administered to a pregnant woman. The effect of nicotine delivery by NICODERM systems has not been examined in pregnancy (see PRECAUTIONS).

Therefore pregnant smokers should be encouraged to attempt cessation using educational and behavioral interventions before using pharmacological approaches. If NICODERM systems are used during pregnancy, or if the patient becomes pregnant while using NICODERM systems, the patient should be apprised of the potential hazard to the fetus.

Safety Note Concerning Children
The amounts of nicotine that are tolerated by adult smokers can produce symptoms of poisoning and could prove fatal if the NICODERM system is applied or ingested by children or pets. Used 21 mg/day systems contain about 73% (83 mg) of their initial drug content. Therefore, patients should be cautioned to keep both the used and unused NICODERM systems out of the reach of children and pets.

PRECAUTIONS
The patient should be urged to stop smoking completely when initiating NICODERM therapy (see DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION). Patients should be informed that if they continue to smoke while using NICODERM systems, they may experience adverse effects due to peak nicotine levels higher than those experienced from smoking alone. If there is a clinically significant increase in cardiovascular or other effects attributable to nicotine, the NICODERM dose should be reduced or NICODERM treatment discontinued (see WARNINGS). Physicians should anticipate that concomitant medications may need dosage adjustment (see Drug Interactions).
The use of NICODERM systems beyond 3 months by patients who stop smoking should be discouraged, because the chronic consumption of nicotine by any route can be harmful and addicting.

Allergic Reactions
In a 6-week, open-label, dermal irritation and sensitization study of NICODERM systems, 7 of 230 patients exhibited definite erythema at 24 hours after application. Upon rechallenge, 4 patients exhibited mild to moderate contact allergy. Patients with contact sensitization should be cautioned that a serious reaction could occur from exposure to other nicotine-containing products or smoking. In the efficacy trials, erythema following system removal was typically seen in about 14% of patients, some edema in 3%, and dropouts due to skin reactions occurred in 2% of patients.
Patients should be instructed to promptly discontinue the use of NICODERM systems and contact their physicians, if they experience severe or persistent local skin reactions (eg, severe erythema, pruritus, or edema) at the site of application or a generalized skin reaction (eg, urticaria, hives, or generalized rash).
Patients using NICODERM therapy concurrently with other transdermal products may exhibit local reactions at both application sites. Reactions were seen in 2 of 7 patients using concomitant Estraderm® (estradiol transdermal system) in clinical trials. In such patients, use of one or both systems may have to be discontinued.

Skin Disease
NICODERM systems are usually well tolerated by patients with normal skin, but may be irritating for patients with some skin disorders (atopic or eczematous dermatitis).

Cardiovascular or Peripheral Vascular Diseases
The risks of nicotine replacement in patients with certain cardiovascular and peripheral vascular diseases should be weighed against the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smoking-cessation program for them. Specifically, patients with coronary heart disease (history of myocardial infarction and/or angina pectoris), serious cardiac arrhythmias, or vasospastic diseases (Buerger's disease, Prinzmetal's variant angina) should be carefully screened and evaluated before nicotine replacement is prescribed.
Tachycardia occurring in association with the use of NICODERM therapy was reported occasionally. If serious cardiovascular symptoms occur with the use of NICODERM therapy, it should be discontinued.
NICODERM therapy was as well tolerated as placebo in a controlled trial in patients with coronary artery disease (see CLINICAL STUDIES). One patient on NICODERM 21mg/day, two on NICODERM 14 mg/day, and eight on placebo discontinued treatment due to adverse events.
NICODERM therapy did not affect angina frequency or the appearance of arrhythmias on Holter monitoring in these patients.
NICODERM therapy generally should not be used in patients during the immediate post-myocardial infarction period, patients with serious arrhythmias, and patients with severe or worsening angina pectoris.

Renal or Hepatic Insufficiency
The pharmacokinetics of nicotine have not been studied in the elderly or in patients with renal or hepatic impairment. However, given that nicotine is extensively metabolized and that its total system clearance is dependent on liver blood flow, some influence of hepatic impairment on drug kinetics (reduced clearance) should be anticipated. Only severe renal impairment would be expected to affect the clearance of nicotine or its metabolites from the circulation (see Pharmacokinetics).

Endocrine Diseases
NICODERM therapy should be used with caution in patients with hyperthyroidism, pheochromocytoma, or insulin-dependent diabetes, since nicotine causes the release of catecholamines by the adrenal medulla.

Peptic Ulcer Disease
Nicotine delays healing in peptic ulcer disease; therefore, NICODERM therapy should be used with caution in patients with active peptic ulcers and only when the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smoking-cessation program outweigh the risks.

Accelerated Hypertension
Nicotine therapy constitutes a risk factor for development of malignant hypertension in patients with accelerated hypertension; therefore, NICODERM therapy should be used with caution in these patients and only when the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smoking-cessation program outweigh the risks.

Information for Patient
A patient instruction booklet is included in the package of NICODERM systems dispensed to the patient. The instruction sheet contains important information and instructions on how to properly use and dispose of NICODERM systems. Patients should be encouraged to ask questions of the physician and pharmacist. Patients must be advised to keep both used and unused systems out of the reach of children and pets.

Drug Interactions
Smoking cessation, with or without nicotine replacement, may alter the pharmacokinetics of certain concomitant medications

May Require a Decrease in Dose at Cessation of Smoking	Possible Mechanism
acetaminophen, caffeine, imipramine, oxazepam, pentazocine, propranolol, theophylline	Deinduction of hepatic enzymes on smoking cessation.
insulin	Increase in subcutaneous insulin absorption with smoking cessation.
adrenergic antagonists (eg, prazosin, labetalol)	Decrease in circulating catecholamines with smoking cessation.
May Require an Increase in Dose at Cessation of Smoking	**Possible Mechanism**
adrenergic agonists (eg, isoproterenol, phenylephrine)	Decrease in circulating catecholamines with smoking cessation.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility
Nicotine itself does not appear to be a carcinogen in laboratory animals. However, nicotine and its metabolites increased the incidences of tumors in the cheek pouches of hamsters and forestomach of F344 rats, respectively, when given in combination with tumor initiators. One study, which could not be replicated, suggested that cotinine, the primary metabolite of nicotine, may cause lymphoreticular sarcoma in the large intestine in rats.
Nicotine and cotinine were not mutagenic in the Ames *Salmonella* test. Nicotine induced repairable DNA damage in an *E. coli* test system. Nicotine was shown to be genotoxic in a test system using Chinese hamster ovary cells. In rats and rabbits, implantation can be delayed or inhibited by a reduction in DNA synthesis that appears to be caused by nicotine. Studies have shown a decrease in litter size in rats treated with nicotine during gestation.

Pregnancy
Pregnancy Category D (see WARNINGS).
The harmful effects of cigarette smoking on maternal and fetal health are clearly established. These include low birth weight, increased risk of spontaneous abortion, and increased perinatal mortality. The specific effects of NICODERM therapy on fetal development are unknown. Therefore pregnant smokers should be encouraged to attempt cessation using educational and behavioral interventions before using pharmacological approaches.
Spontaneous abortion during nicotine replacement therapy has been reported; as with smoking, nicotine as a contributing factor cannot be excluded.
NICODERM therapy should be used during pregnancy only if the likelihood of smoking cessation justifies the potential risk of use of nicotine replacement by the patient who may continue to smoke.

Teratogenicity
Animal Studies: Nicotine was shown to produce skeletal abnormalities in the offspring of mice when given doses toxic to the dams (25 mg/kg IP or SC).
Human Studies: Nicotine teratogenicity has not been studied in humans except as a component of cigarette smoke (each cigarette smoked delivers about 1 mg of nicotine). It has not been possible to conclude whether cigarette smoking is teratogenic to humans.

Other Effects
Animal Studies: A nicotine bolus (up to 2 mg/kg) to pregnant rhesus monkeys caused acidosis, hypercarbia, and hypotension (fetal and maternal concentrations were about 20 times those achieved after smoking 1 cigarette in 5 minutes). Fetal breathing movements were reduced in the fetal lamb after intravenous injection of 0.25 mg/kg nicotine to the ewe (equivalent to smoking 1 cigarette every 20 seconds for 5 minutes). Uterine blood flow was reduced about 30% after infusion of 0.1 mg/kg/min nicotine for 20 minutes to pregnant rhesus monkeys (equivalent to smoking about 6 cigarettes every minute for 20 minutes).
Human Experience: Cigarette smoking during pregnancy is associated with an increased risk of spontaneous abortion, low birth weight infants, and perinatal mortality. Nicotine and carbon monoxide are considered the most likely mediators of these outcomes. The effect of cigarette smoking on fetal cardiovascular parameters has been studied near term. Cigarettes increased fetal aortic blood flow and heart rate and decreased uterine blood flow and fetal breathing movements. NICODERM therapy has not been studied in pregnant humans.

Labor and Delivery
The NICODERM system is not recommended to be left on during labor and delivery. The effects of nicotine on a mother or the fetus during labor are unknown.

Use in Nursing Mothers
Caution should be exercised when NICODERM therapy is administered to nursing women. The safety of NICODERM therapy in nursing infants has not been examined. Nicotine passes freely into breast milk; the milk to plasma ratio averages 2.9. Nicotine is absorbed orally. An infant has the ability to clear nicotine by hepatic first-pass clearance; however, the efficiency of removal is probably lowest at birth. The nicotine concentrations in milk can be expected to be lower with NICODERM therapy, when used as directed, than with cigarette smoking, as maternal plasma nicotine concentrations are generally reduced with nicotine replacement. The risk of exposure of the infant to nicotine from NICODERM therapy should be weighed against the risks associated with the infant's exposure to nicotine from continued smoking by the mother (passive smoke exposure and contamination of breast milk with other components of tobacco smoke) and from NICODERM therapy alone or in combination with continued smoking.

Pediatric Use
NICODERM therapy is not recommended for use in children, because the safety and effectiveness of NICODERM therapy in children and adolescents who smoke have not been evaluated.

Geriatric Use
Fifty-six patients over the age of 60 participated in clinical trials of NICODERM therapy. NICODERM therapy appeared to be as effective in this age group as in younger smokers. However, asthenia, various body aches, and dizziness occurred slightly more often in patients over 60 years of age.

ADVERSE REACTIONS
Assessment of adverse events in the 1,131 patients who participated in controlled clinical trials is complicated by the occurrence of GI and CNS effects of nicotine withdrawal as well as nicotine excess. The actual incidences of both are confounded by concurrent smoking by many of the patients. When reporting adverse events during the trials, the investigators did not attempt to identify the cause of the symptom.

Topical Adverse Events
The most common adverse event associated with topical nicotine is a short-lived erythema, pruritus, and/or burning at the application site, which was seen at least once in 47% of patients on the NICODERM system in the clinical trials. Local erythema after system removal was noted at least once in 14% of patients and local edema in 3%. Erythema generally resolved within 24 hours. Cutaneous hypersensitivity (contact sensitization) occurred in 2% of patients on NICODERM systems (see PRECAUTIONS, Allergic Reactions).

Probably Causally Related
The following adverse events were reported more frequently in NICODERM-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients or exhibited a dose response in clinical trials.
Digestive System: Diarrhea*, dyspepsia*
Mouth/Tooth Disorders: Dry mouth†
Musculoskeletal System: Arthralgia†, myalgia*
Nervous System: Abnormal dreams*, insomnia (23%), nervousness*
Skin and Appendages: Sweating†
Frequencies for 21 mg/day system
* Reported in 3% to 9% of patients
† Reported in 1% to 3% of patients
Unmarked if reported in <1% of patients

Causal Relationship UNKNOWN
Adverse events reported in NICODERM- and placebo-treated patients at about the same frequency in clinical trials are listed below. The clinical significance of the association between NICODERM systems and these events is unknown, but they are reported as alerting information for the clinician.
Body as a Whole: Asthenia*, back pain*, chest pain†, pain*
Digestive System: Abdominal pain†, constipation*, nausea*, vomiting†
Nervous System: Dizziness*, headache (29%), paresthesia†
Respiratory System: Cough increased*, pharyngitis*, sinusitis†
Skin and Appendages: Rash*
Special Senses: Taste perversion*
Urogenital System: Dysmenorrhea*
Frequencies for 21 mg/day systems
* Reported in 3% to 9% of patients
† Reported in 1% to 3% of patients
Unmarked if reported in <1% of patients

DRUG ABUSE AND DEPENDENCE/TREATMENT OF OVERDOSE
For further information, please see Full Prescribing Information

Manufactured by
ALZA Corporation
Palo Alto, CA 94304 for
Marion Merrell Dow Inc.
Kansas City, MO 64114

Prescribing Information as of January 1992

nidb0192c

DATELINE

The Author returns to yesteryear to report on a poignant event in baseball's history

★ ★ ★

GIANTS BID FAREWELL

FANS RUN AMOK AFTER LAST GAME AT POLO GROUNDS

AP

Rhodes grounds out on the final play, just before the Giants dash to safety.

NEW YORK FALLS TO PIRATES, 9-1, IN FINALE

BY STEVE WULF

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 29, 1957— In the end, at least, a Thomson touched 'em all.

As darkness fell over the Polo Grounds on Sunday evening, after most everybody had left the park, Nancy Thomson, age 5, retraced her daddy's famous trot around the bases. Off to the first base side, Bobby Thomson, who fired the Shot Heard 'Round the World here, shot the bittersweet scene with his home movie camera. "Just one last waltz around the dance floor," said Thomson.

It's hard to believe that only three years after their world championship, six years after Thomson hit the home run to defeat the Brooklyn Dodgers in their epic playoff, 67 years after moving into the Polo Grounds and 75 years after materializing in New York, the Giants are going, going . . . gone.

But they are, and they played their last game today under Coogan's Bluff in front of a crowd of 11,606 that embodied a prism of emotions: sorrow, rage, gratitude, greed, indignation, denial. Bowing to sentimentality, Giant manager Bill Rigney put as many of the '51 and '54 Giants on the field as he could find, and they ended up bowing to the Pittsburgh Pirates 9–1. At 4:35 p.m., '54 World Series hero Dusty Rhodes grounded to Pirate shortstop Dick Groat, who threw to first baseman Frank Thomas for the final out, and with that, the San Francisco–bound Giants ran for their lives toward the centerfield clubhouse ahead of

Final Standing of Clubs

American League

YESTERDAY

Red Sox 3, Yankees 2
Orioles 7, Senators 3 (10 inns.)
Tigers 7, Athletics 4
Indians 5, White Sox 3

	W.	L.	Pct.	G.B
New York	98	56	.636	—
Chicago	90	64	.584	8
Boston	82	72	.532	16
Detroit	78	76	.506	20
Baltimore	76	76	.500	21
Cleveland	76	77	.497	21½
Kansas City	59	94	.386	38½
Washington	55	99	.357	43

National League

YESTERDAY

Pirates 9, Giants 1
Phillies 2, Dodgers 1
Cubs 8, Cardinals 3
Braves 4, Redlegs 3

	W.	L.	Pct.	G.B
Milwaukee	95	59	.617	—
St. Louis	87	67	.565	8
Brooklyn	84	70	.545	11
Cincinnati	80	74	.519	15
Philadelphia	77	77	.500	18
New York	69	85	.448	26
Chicago	62	92	.403	33
Pittsburgh	62	92	.403	33

World Series Game 1, Wed. 1 p.m.: Braves (Spahn, 21-11) at Yankees (Ford, 11-5)

RICHARD MEEK

Neither Rigney nor roses provided much comfort to Mrs. Mac before the game.

a stampede of jilted New Yorkers.

Having failed to capture any living souvenirs, the fans turned their attention to such inanimate objects as seats, bases, grass, the pitching rubber, the bullpen shelter. Once the looting had subsided, many of the followers gravitated toward the rightfield stands, where a banner implored: STAY TEAM STAY. Yelling toward the Giants' clubhouse, the fans at first called for the man who's taking their team away, owner Horace Stoneham, no doubt to demonstrate a phonetic spelling of his last name. Then they pleaded to say goodbye to the Say Hey Kid, but Willie Mays sensibly declined. Finally, the fans serenaded the Giants with a ditty to the tune of *The Farmer in the Dell*:

"We hate to see you go,

"We hate to see you go,

"We hope to hell you never come back—

"We hate to see you go."

The last day for the New York Giants did not begin quite so bitterly. In the morning, photographers took pictures of Thomson pointing to the spot in leftfield where he had hit his Shot and of Rigney and head groundskeeper Matty Schwab loading a square of the centerfield sod into a box for shipment to San Francisco. In the clubhouse before the game, Rigney kept singing the popular tune *Bon Voyage*. "I can't get it out of my head," said the 39-year-old skipper. "Just as I'll never be able to get this ballpark out of my heart. I grew up in the Bay Area, but this is still home to me. I played my first major league game here in 1946, and I can't tell you what a thrill it's been for me to put on the uniform in the same clubhouse that Matty and McGraw and Terry and Ott occupied."

For the finale, the Giants welcomed some of their legends: Rube Marquard, Hooks Wiltse, Moose McCormick, Kiddo Davis, Rosy Ryan, King Carl Hubbell—just to nickname a few. "What's going to become of this place?" asked the 54-year-old Hubbell, a.k.a. the Meal Ticket. "I'd feel mighty bad to come back here and see a housing project."

After the old-timers were introduced before the game by broadcaster Russ Hodges, Rigney presented a bouquet of American Beauty roses to Blanche McGraw, the widow of the Giants' mythic manager, John McGraw. Mrs. Mac, tears in her eyes, said softly to Rigney, "I can't believe this day is really happening. New York will never be the same."

In a nice touch, the Giants brought back George Levy, 81, who used to announce the lineups by walking through the stands with a megaphone, before public-address systems came into being. Once again Levy obliged. Rigney's lineup also had a nostalgic feel; he put Thomson at third for the first time this season, Rhodes in left, Don Mueller in right, Whitey Lockman at first, retiring Wes Westrum behind the plate and Johnny Antonelli on the mound.

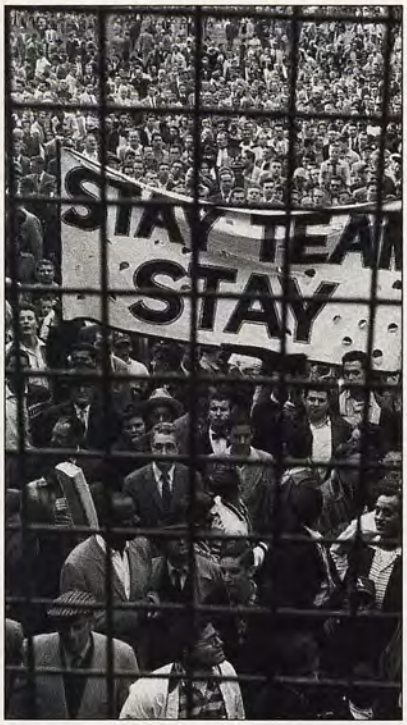
The lineup, though, only accentuated the fact that the older Giants are sliding downhill fast while the younger Pirates are rapidly improving, what with future stars like centerfielder Bob Clemente, second baseman Bill Mazeroski and—most promising of all—rightfielder Johnny Powers. By contrast, when the San Francisco fog lifts on the '58 Giants, fans there will discover Mays and a whole lot of maybes.

The Bucs jumped on Antonelli early, and by the fourth inning, they were leading 6–1. Pirate starter Bob Friend gave up the run in the first on a sacrifice fly by Rhodes, but he stymied the Giants thereafter. As the game went on, the crowd, which had cheered Thomson and Mays earlier, became more and more menacing, much more so than the docile Dodger fans who bade goodbye to Ebbets Field five days ago. In the sixth inning, Rigney cautioned his players to sprint for the clubhouse at the game's conclusion. "I told Mays not to worry about his hat or his glove but about his life," the manager said after the game.

In the top of the ninth, Powers hit a blast over the rightfield roof—undoubtedly the last homer in the Polo Grounds. In the bottom of the ninth, Friend induced the first batter, Mueller, to fly out to right. That brought up Mays, and the fans put aside their wrath long enough to give him a standing ovation. "The crowd was cheering so loud I felt helpless," he said later. "I got a home run my first time at bat in the Polo Grounds, and I wanted to bow out with another." Alas, Mays bounced out to Groat.

RICHARD MEEK

The Say Hey Kid said so long with two singles—but no homers for the fans.



RICHARD MEEK

The New York faithful stormed the turf to plead for a stay of execution.

As they say at funerals, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Or in this case, Dusty. Rhodes prolonged the inevitable by working the count to 3 and 2, then hit a broken-bat grounder to Groat. Before the shortstop's throw could reach Thomas, the barbarians were out of the gate.

The fastest of them stole second base, cutting it loose from its moorings and then lateraling it to his buddy to escape the groundskeepers. The field hands tried to save first base and third, but they were quickly overwhelmed. Large knots of people stood over home plate and the pitcher's rubber, clawing at them and eventually prying them up.

The seats, for the most part, proved too stubborn, but not so the green canvas screen behind home plate, which was torn to shreds, and the bullpen shelters, which were splintered into portable pieces. The 483-foot sign in the deepest part of the ballpark was bent in half before security guards secured it. Thousands of others made do with sod and just plain dirt. The most sacrilegious looters stole the centerfield plaque honoring Eddie Grant, the former Giant infielder who died a hero in World War I. (Thankfully, police quickly nabbed the thieves and recovered the plaque.)

In the stands a fan clutched the hand of his nine-year-old daughter, Callie, and wiped away a tear. Identifying himself as Roger Angell, a 37-year-old writer for *The New Yorker* magazine, he said, "I loved this place, and look what they're doing to it. This is terrible, really terrible. And so heartbreaking. I'm afraid we're never going to have National League baseball in New York again."

Only a witness to the Vandals' sacking of Rome in 455 could do justice to a description of those frenzied minutes right after the game. Shame on the pillaging fans, but then shame on the pillaging owners who keep wrenching teams out of cities. Baseball went from 1904 to 1952 without a franchise shift, yet in the last five years, there have been five: the Braves from Boston to Milwaukee, the Browns from St. Louis to Baltimore, the Athletics from Philadelphia to Kansas City, and now the Dodgers and the Giants. It would serve one of these new cities right if a metropolis with greener grass lured the club away someday.

Within an hour of the game's end, thank goodness, Giant fans had burned themselves out, and the Polo Grounds was calm, albeit battered. Madness gave way to sadness. Strains of *Auld Lang Syne*—sung by the last stragglers—echoed throughout. Mrs. McGraw, still clutching her now-wilting roses, walked down the aisle toward the exit.

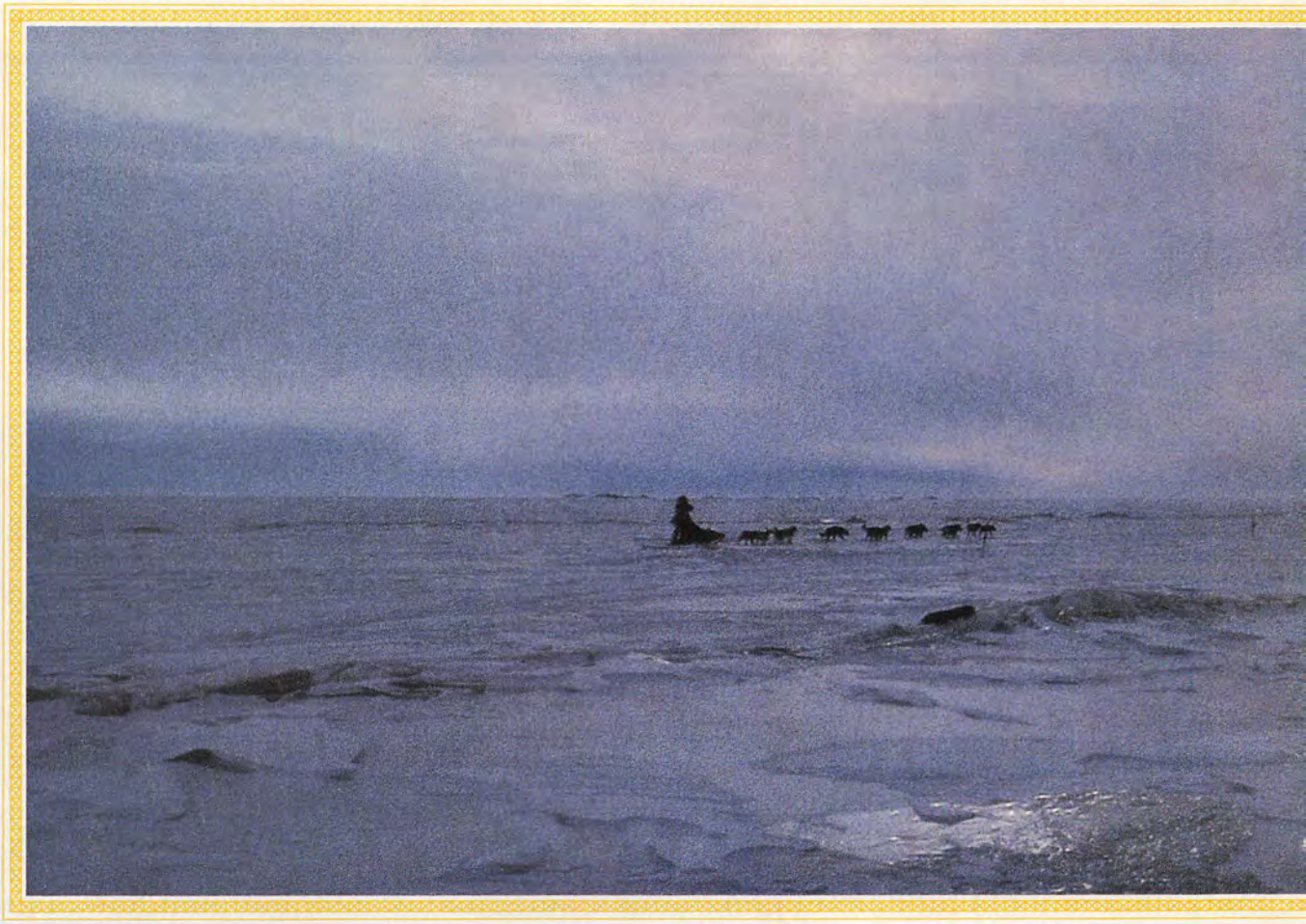
On their way out, Rigney and Giant vice-president Chub Feeney stopped to say goodbye to the members of the grounds crew who wouldn't be going west to Seals Stadium. Rigney told one of them, "I want to thank you guys for making this the best damn field. . . ." Too choked up to go on, the gentle skipper gave the man a hug and walked on.

RICHARD MEEK

Not even the pitching rubber could escape the savage scavengers yesterday.

Down on the best damn field in baseball, with the sun disappearing over the rim of the stadium, Bobby Thomson and his wife walked the next generation to home plate. And off Nancy went, around the bases, shouting with glee.

"Who knows?" said Bobby. "Maybe someday Nancy will have her own children. She can show them this movie and tell them about the home run that grandpa hit." ✶



FOR US, A DRY RUN LAS

It's midnight. You're on the frozen coast of the Bering Sea. The lamp strapped to your head is the only light for a hundred miles. The howling wind drowns out everything, even your dogs. Disks of breaking ice the size of manhole covers get sucked up in the storm and fly at your head.

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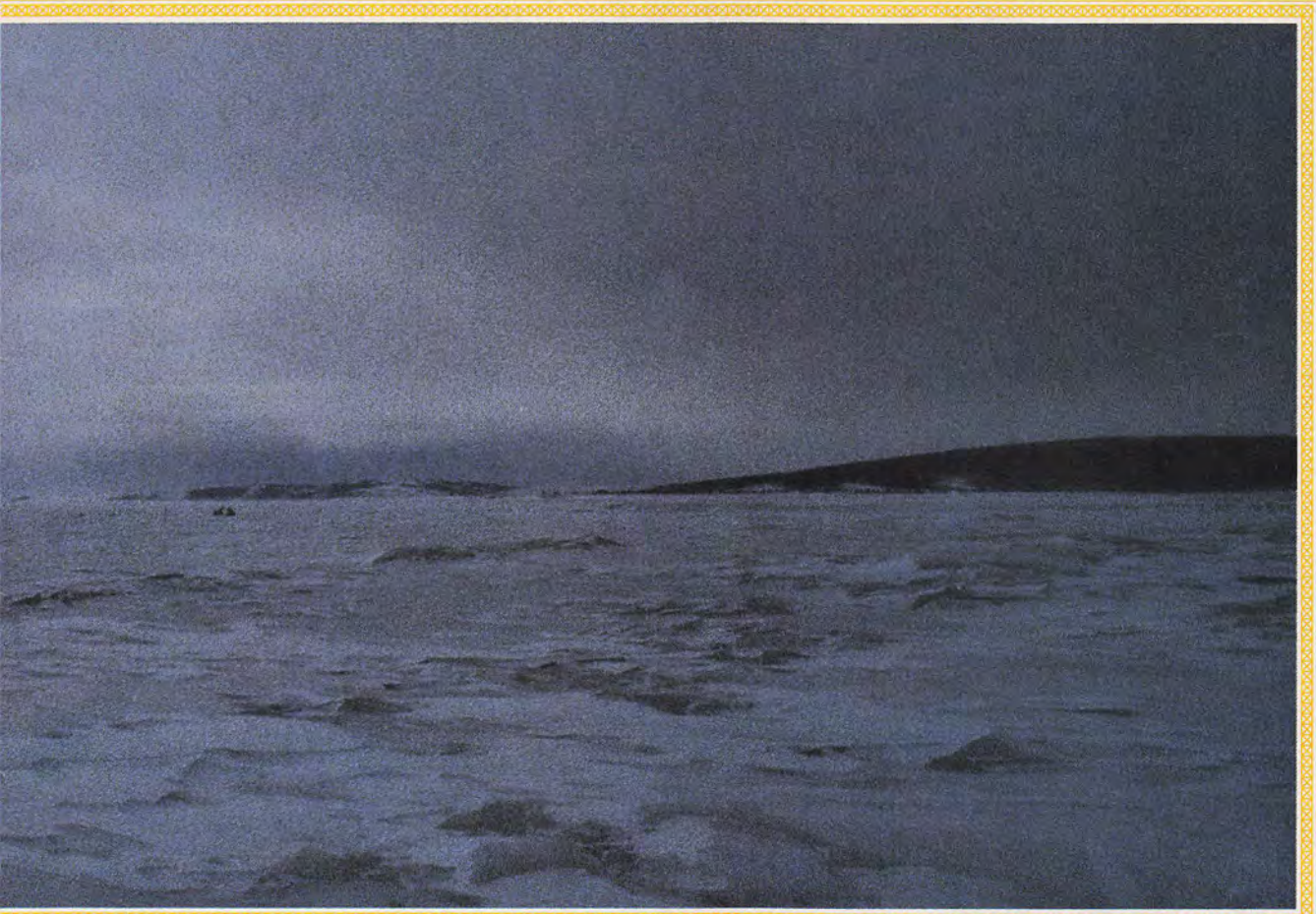
Clothing of Iditarod quality belongs in more places than the Iditarod. It belongs everywhere on the planet where people face punishing weather. With such people in mind, we have built a parka that's a close cousin of the Timberland®

Sausalito *Boston* *Annapolis*



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TS A THOUSAND MILES.

race suit worn by the Iditarod mushers. Like the race suit, the parka features double layer waterproof Gore-Tex,® Primaloft® thermal insulation and advanced micro-fiber fabrics.

With the parka goes an expedition jacket of double layer Gore-Tex® fabric and two pairs of Iditarod-influenced boots. The Iditarod ten-inch has double the Thinsulate® of normal boots (800 g) without significant weight increase, while the eight-inch Guide boot gives lightweight, insulated protection under slightly less arctic conditions.

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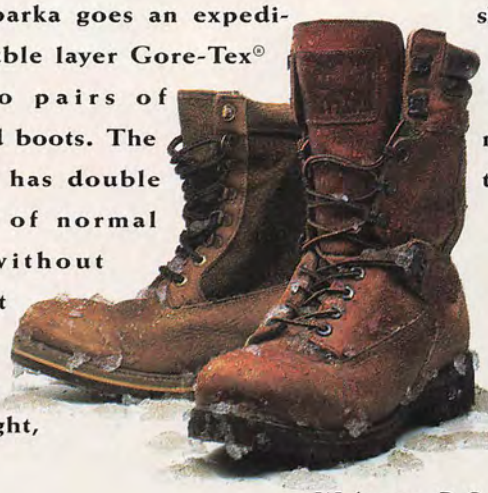
UNLESS YOU'RE THE LEAD DOG, THE VIEW NEVER CHANGES.

– Anonymous



Timberland

BOOTS, SHOES, CLOTHING, WIND, WATER, EARTH AND SKY.

Newport *Washington, D.C.* *New York*

The Offense

WR: Don Hutson, Green Bay Packers
Lance Alworth, San Diego Chargers
TE: Dave Casper, Oakland Raiders
OT: Art Shell, Oakland Raiders
Ron Mix, San Diego Chargers
G: John Hannah, New England Patriots
Jim Parker, Baltimore Colts
C: Dwight Stephenson, Miami Dolphins
QB: John Unitas, Baltimore Colts
RB: Jim Brown, Cleveland Browns
FB: Marion Motley, Cleveland Browns
Head Coach:
Vince Lombardi, Green Bay Packers

Sports Illustrated
CLASSIC

The All-Time Dream Teams

If you had all the players in history to choose from, whom would you pick for your ideal team? We asked the question of our resident experts in football, baseball, basketball and hockey, and these are the teams of their dreams

Illustrations by Joseph Salina

Clockwise from bottom: Unitas (19), Lombardi, Casper, Parker, Motley, Hutson, Alworth, Shell, Stephenson, Mix, Hannah, Brown.

Dream Team FOOTBALL

by Paul Zimmerman

LAST THINGS first: If I had my way, my alltime pro football Dream Team would include, besides the starters, five specialists for situation substitution—then I'd be ready to take on the world with depth as well as class. Here they are: the Colts' Raymond Berry, extra wideout, the finest possession receiver I've ever seen; the Packers' Forrest Gregg, finesse tackle, to handle the speed rushers; the Steelers' Jack Ham, outside linebacker, for pass defense; the Packers' Willie Wood, free safety, for long-yardage situations; and the 49ers' Joe Montana, quarterback, to enter the game when it switches eras, from old to modern.

As for my starting teams, I can tell you that I've seen every one of these players in the flesh. First the offense. Alworth was, simply, the finest deep threat ever to play the game. In the '40s I saw Hutson through a child's eyes; I wasn't sure about him until I did a film study a few years ago. Yes, he would be terrific today. Tight end Casper had the blocking skills of the tackle he once was, and a great pair of hands. Shell is the power tackle, a narrow choice over the Eagles' Bob (Boomer) Brown, and Mix is the finesse tackle. Choosing the guards was easy. Hannah is the best drive-blocking lineman I've ever seen, Parker the finest pass protector.

THE DEFENSE
E: RICH JACKSON, DENVER BRONCOS
DEACON JONES, L.A. RAMS
T: MERLIN OLSEN, L.A. RAMS
BOB LILLY, DALLAS COWBOYS
MLB: DICK BUTKUS, CHICAGO BEARS
OLB: LAWRENCE TAYLOR, N.Y. GIANTS
TED HENDRICKS, BALTIMORE COLTS/OAKLAND RAIDERS
CB: JIMMY JOHNSON, SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS
DICK (NIGHT TRAIN) LANE, L.A. RAMS/CHI. CARDINALS/DETROIT
SS: KEN HOUSTON, HOUSTON OILERS/WASHINGTON REDSKINS
FS: CLIFF HARRIS, DALLAS COWBOYS

And no other center has had Stephenson's blinding speed off the ball.

Unitas was the No.1 quarterback in the pre-1978 era, when the receivers were getting bumped all the way downfield. Montana would be my choice in the modern game, with the passing lanes opened up. But the trademark of each QB is the same: a great ability to bring his team back. Brown is my running back. Any arguments? And Motley is my pick as the game's finest classic fullback—a power runner and a tremendous blocker.

Now the defense. I wish the league had kept official sack statistics when Deacon Jones played—he'd have gone off the charts. Tombstone Jackson of the Broncos will never make the Hall of Fame because his career was cut short by a knee injury in '72, but in his prime he was the very best run-pass defensive end the game has seen. Olsen was the prototype bull-rush defensive tackle, but he had agility, too. At the other spot, Lilly is a very tough call over the Steelers' Joe Greene.

In an era of dominant 4–3 middle linebackers, Butkus gets the edge over the Chiefs' Willie Lanier and the Packers' Ray Nitschke, on sustained ferocity. The outside backers are Taylor, the finest pass-rush linebacker ever, and Hendricks, a dominant force wherever he lined up. Lane, a devastating bump-and-run guy, teams with the vastly underrated Johnson at the corners, with the Raiders' Willie Brown ranked close behind. Houston, a combination of speed, force and coverage skill, is an easy pick at strong safety. Harris, with his impressive string of KOs, is my killer-type free safety.

Finally, to coach the Dream Team . . . Lombardi. No one would be counting his paycheck with Vince around.

Back row (left to right): Lane, Harris, Taylor, Butkus, Houston, Hendricks, Johnson. Front (left to right): Jones, Lilly, Olsen, Jackson.

THE LINEUP
LF: TY COBB, DETROIT TIGERS
2B: JACKIE ROBINSON, BROOKLYN DODGERS
RF: BABE RUTH, BOSTON RED SOX/N.Y. YANKEES
1B: LOU GEHRIG, N.Y. YANKEES
CF: WILLIE MAYS, N.Y./S.F. GIANTS
3B: MIKE SCHMIDT, PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES
SS: CAL RIPKEN JR., BALTIMORE ORIOLES
C: MICKEY COCHRANE, PHIL. ATHLETICS/DETROIT
RHP: CHRISTY MATHEWSON, N.Y. GIANTS
LHP: WARREN SPAHN, BOSTON/MILWAUKEE BRAVES
RP: DENNIS ECKERSLEY, OAKLAND A'S
MGR: CASEY STENGEL, N.Y. YANKEES/METS

Dream Team
BASEBALL

by Steve Wulf

YOU REMEMBER. You toss your friend the bat, and after he grabs it, you put your hand above his hand. Then his hand above your hand until . . . "Eagle claws," you say, grasping the knob. "My pick." Then you take the best player on the field.

Once again, I have eagle claws. Only this time the field is crowded with a century of talent. I'll have to be ruthless, though my alltime baseball Dream Team will not be. Playing rightfield, the Bambino, George Herman Ruth. Yes, Hank Aaron leads all history in homers, but when was the last time you heard someone describe a clout as Aaronian? My next choice is Gehrig at first base. Easy. I now motion for Cobb to play left and bat leadoff (his .367 career batting average is the best ever). True, the Georgia Peach played most of his career in center, but I've got to start him in left because my centerfielder is Mays. In assorted say-hey seasons, Mays hit as high as .345, hit as many as 52 homers, drove in as many as 141 runs and stole as many as 40 bases. He also made the greatest catch ever. (If you have to ask, you shouldn't even be reading this.) Mays was so good, I don't feel guilty about snubbing the Yankees' Joe DiMaggio and Mickey Mantle. Well, maybe a little guilty.

Catcher. . . . Tough call, but I'm going with Cochrane behind the plate. Black Mike's intangibles won me over (not to mention his .320 lifetime average). As for second base, well, Jackie Robinson wasn't just baseball's first black player; he was a great talent who could dominate a game with his bat, his speed and his sheer will to win. Schmidt would be the third baseman for his bat alone, but he was also a 10-time Gold Glove winner. Ripken, the shortstop who never stops, has put up some gaudy batting numbers and set new standards for fielding excellence (three errors in 1990).

As for the pitchers, I'll choose one righty, one lefty and one reliever. Was Mathewson (373 wins) a big-game pitcher? In the Giants' 1905 World Series victory over the Athletics, he pitched three shutouts in six days. My lefthander, Spahn, didn't win his first game until he was 25, but he won 363 before retiring and pitched no-hitters when he was 39 and 40. My stopper out of the bullpen is Eckersley; nobody's done it better.

The genius of my chosen manager, Stengel, is summed up in his spring training address to the '53 Yanks: "If we're going to win the pennant, we've got to start thinking we're not as good as we think we are." It'll be tough convincing these guys of that.

Left to right: Schmidt, Ripken, Cobb, Spahn, Stengel, Cochrane, Eckersley, Mays, Ruth, Robinson, Gehrig. Foreground: Mathewson.

STARTING FIVE

G: MAGIC JOHNSON, L.A. LAKERS
G: MICHAEL JORDAN, CHICAGO BULLS
C: BILL RUSSELL, BOSTON CELTICS
F: LARRY BIRD, BOSTON CELTICS
F: ELGIN BAYLOR, L.A. LAKERS

SECOND FIVE

G: JERRY WEST, L.A. LAKERS
G: OSCAR ROBERTSON, CINCINNATI ROYALS
C: WILT CHAMBERLAIN, PHILADELPHIA/S.F./L.A.
F: BOB PETTIT, ST. LOUIS HAWKS
F: JULIUS ERVING, N.Y. NETS/PHILADELPHIA 76ERS

Dream Team BASKETBALL

★

by Jack McCallum

ONE OF the timeless arguments in sports is this: Russell or Wilt? And there are those who would add this element: Why not Kareem over either of them? For my alltime NBA Dream Team, I choose Russell as the first-team center, Chamberlain for the second team and Abdul-Jabbar as the best 11th or 12th man in the history of the planet. I don't pretend for a minute that Wilt and Kareem would report for training camp under those circumstances, but. . . .

Why Russell over Wilt? Never mind an analysis of those old intangibles like "attitude" or "heart" or "ability to win." Russell gets the nod purely because he's a better fit for my team, which needs defense and rebounding far more than the estimable offensive presence of Wilt or Kareem. It has enough estimable offensive presences. Yes, yes, Wilt and Kareem could do those Russell-type things too—but that wasn't their game. Russell's game began with defense, so there would never be a question of his getting in the way here.

In the way of whom? Baylor. He was the Julius Erving of his time, a showstopping, acrobatic, high-scoring (career average: 27.4) forward who also averaged double figures in rebounds in 11 of his first 12 seasons. Bird. It's impossible to compare Bird to anyone because there never has

been, and probably never will be, as versatile a forward. Jordan and Johnson. It would take one mean backcourt combo to put the Big O and Jerry West on the pine, and this is it. Jordan can do everything West could do—including, most important, producing in the clutch—while Magic's leadership and unselfishness give him the edge over Robertson. And let's not forget Magic's six feet, nine inches, which make him something of a basketball category unto himself.

Once the first team was picked, the second was relatively easy. The Robertson-West backcourt speaks for itself, as does the "reserve" center. Erving makes it if only for his larger contributions to the game, though he deserves to be here as a player, too. His frontcourt mate, Pettit, was the prototypical power forward, a lithe but bruising player who could score both inside and outside. Rounding out the team are Abdul-Jabbar, who provides consistent inside scoring (which may rank as the alltime understatement), and Havlicek, our Swiss army knife who could play either forward spot as well as shooting guard. I wish there was room for Bob Cousy and for Charles Barkley, but. . . .

And I wish, finally, that there was room for two coaches, but given the egos of my two candidates, it would not be possible. Though Arnold (Red) Auerbach has to be considered in any discussion of alltime coaches, I choose Riley. In an era when it was difficult even to reach the NBA Finals in consecutive years, Riley won four championships and finished second three times with the Lakers. And considering his fix of the Knicks last season, he may well win a few more. Besides, I need an L.A. guy to tell Kareem that he's only on the third team.

Left to right: Havlicek, Abdul-Jabbar, Pettit, Erving, Robertson, West, Chamberlain, Bird, Russell, Riley, Johnson, Baylor, Jordan.

Dream Team
HOCKEY

by E.M. Swift

SKILL, FLAIR, fire in the belly—these are the traits I've looked for in the players on my alltime hockey Dream Team. No one said anything about passports. So in goal, I'll start Tretiak. Big, quick and fundamentally flawless, he dazzled hockey's cognoscenti from 1972, when he starred for the Soviets against Team Canada, until his retirement in '84. I'll back him up with seven-time Vezina Trophy winner Plante, whose minuscule 2.17 goals-against average in 112 playoff games helped his teams win six Stanley Cups. To those who would name Montreal's Ken Dryden and Detroit's Terry Sawchuk to the team, I say this: Those four were the best ever, but there are only two seats on the starship.

Besides, with Orr and Harvey starting on defense, this team could win with Homer Simpson in goal. Both could control play all over the ice; together they would be unstoppable. Particularly when joined by my first line—another no-brainer—of Howe, Gretzky and Hull. With Harvey to cover for him, Orr would be like a fourth forward. And the beauty of the H-G-H line is that for all its marquee value, it meshes beautifully. Howe would dominate the corners and the front of the net. Gretzky would carry the puck in, feathering touch passes to Hull or to Orr breaking in from the point. Heaven.

The second unit was trickier. Lemieux and Richard were easy choices for center and right wing, but the left side was a head-scratcher. I considered Toronto's Frank Mahovlich (533 goals) but decided on Yakushev, another Soviet. Big and fast and blessed with the quick shot, Yakushev was a better skater and passer than the Big M.

Second defense was a toughie. Red Kelly of Detroit and Toronto and Larry Robinson of Montreal would have been a terrific defensive duo, but I wanted a hint of orneriness in my lineup. Potvin was one of the hardest bodycheckers in the modern game; compared with Shore, though, Potvin was Little Miss Muffet. A first-team All-Star in seven seasons, Shore had a cussedness that was legend, but he also pioneered the tactic of a defenseman's carrying the puck up-ice. I want him.

The coach? When it comes to motivating big egos, no one had better success than Bowman, the tight-lipped line juggler and the winningest NHL coach ever. His secret? What Howe used to call the mushroom farming method. Keep the players in the dark, and every once in a while open the door to shovel manure on them. Nevertheless, you'll find no flies on this squad.

Back row (left to right): Hull, Plante, Yakushev, Bowman, Harvey, Shore, Potvin. Front (left to right): Tretiak, Richard, Gretzky, Howe, Lemieux, Orr.

FIRST TEAM

G: VLADISLAV TRETIAK, U.S.S.R.
D: DOUG HARVEY, MONTREAL CANADIENS
D: BOBBY ORR, BOSTON BRUINS
C: WAYNE GRETZKY, EDMONTON OILERS/L.A. KINGS
RW: GORDIE HOWE, DETROIT RED WINGS
LW: BOBBY HULL, CHIGAGO BLACK HAWKS
COACH: SCOTTY BOWMAN

Second Team

G: Jacques Plante, Montreal Canadiens
D: Denis Potvin, N.Y. Islanders
D: Eddie Shore, Boston Bruins
C: Mario Lemieux, Pittsburgh Penguins
RW: Maurice Richard, Montreal Canadiens
LW: Alexander Yakushev, U.S.S.R.

John Tomac, Durango, Colorado 6/11/92

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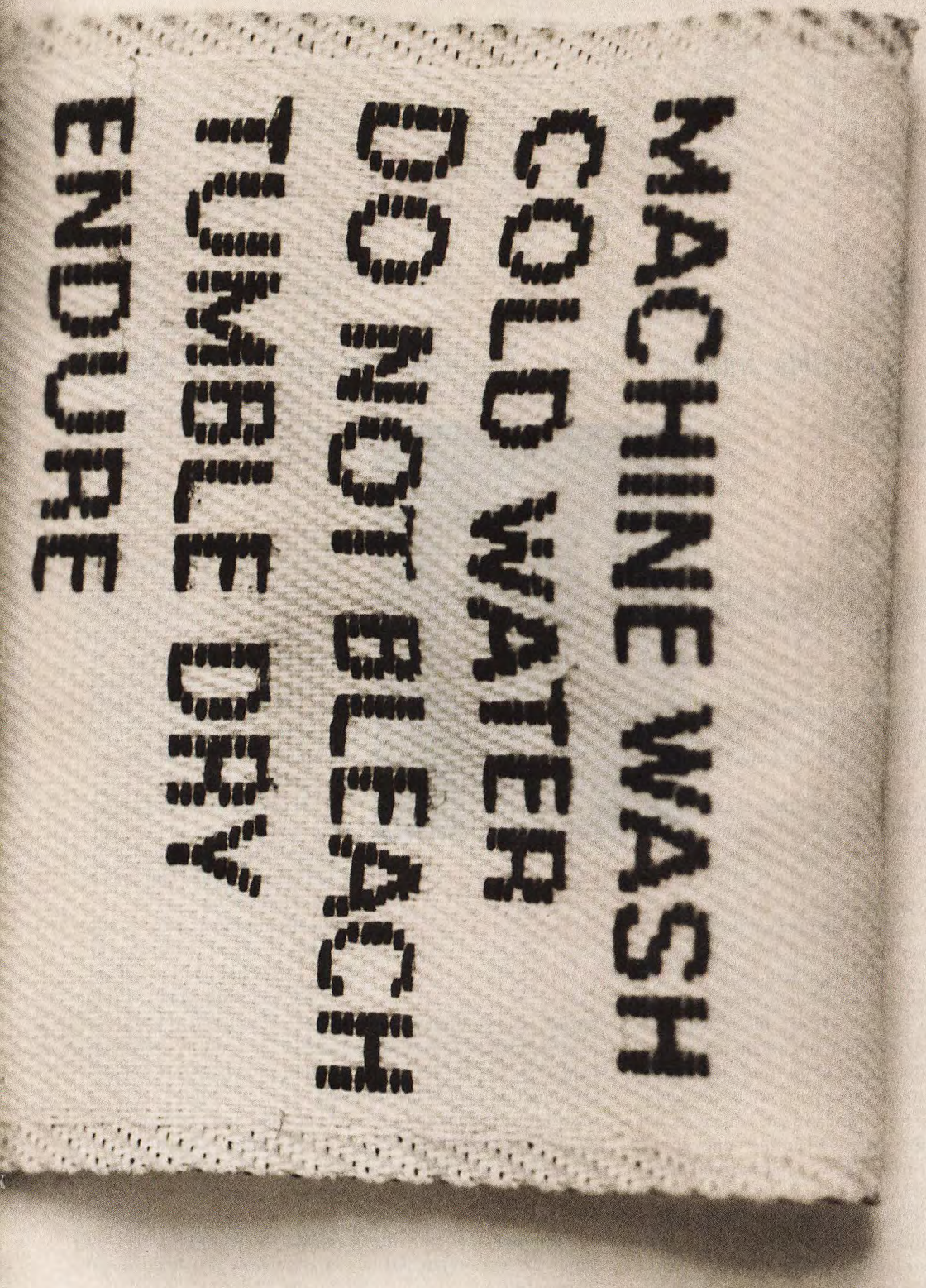

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Who the Heck is Bevo Francis?

And what's that incredible number next to his name in the record book?

BY WILLIAM NACK

AP

The Rio Grande phenom scored 113 points in one game, a mark that, like Francis himself, still stands tall.

NEARLY FOUR decades have passed since that winter night in Jackson, Ohio, when Bevo Francis jumped and soared and shot his way into basketball history. But Wayne Wiseman can still close his eyes today, return to that hardwood floor and see the scene that would forever define for him the two years he spent watching the man spin magic into memory.

"I can still see it in my mind," Wiseman says. "He went up to take the shot, and I remember thinking, It doesn't have a chance. . . ."

Ah, but this was Bevo Francis during another of his out-of-body nights, when every ball he tossed into the air had a chance. It was Feb. 2, 1954, and tiny Rio Grande (Ohio) College—a school of 92 students, just 38 of them men, eleven of whom filled the roster of the school's basketball team—was racing through the final minutes of a blowout over Hillsdale (Mich.) College. Even before that February evening, the gangly, 6′ 9″ Francis, a sophomore at Rio Grande (pronounced, then and always, RYE-oh grand), had established himself as the most celebrated college gunner of his day, master of a turnaround jump shot that he could hit from all points of the compass. He was a deadly foul shooter as well, and beginning in the 1952–53 season, his freshman year, Francis scored points at a rate so extraordinary that he became honey to the media bees, evolving quickly from a kind of outsized public curiosity into a national sports darling.

In a college game still suffering the stings of the 1951 game-fixing scandals, here was a shy, long-boned, earnest young man of 21, the son of a poor Ohio clay miner, whose appearances in ever larger and richer venues—he would take his team to play in Madison Square Garden and in Boston Garden—commanded enough money to help keep his financially moribund college alive. If the hype was huge, it was not empty.

"He was one of the greatest shooters that ever lived," says Marty Blake, now the NBA's director of scouting, who saw Bevo play on several occasions. "It was a gift. He could not only shoot but shoot with range. And he was an excellent passer, too."

His passing skills, however, were not to be seen on this night against Hillsdale, in the Jackson High School gym. This was a night for shooting.

In his freshman year at Rio Grande, over a 39–0 season, Francis had shattered nearly every national individual scoring record extant—from most field goals (708) and free throws (538) to the highest scoring average per game (50.1). Of course, bigger NCAA schools raised an unholy stink about those marks, claiming they should not count because Rio Grande's schedule was shot through with junior colleges and military bases. The NCAA agreed after the season, ruling: "Intercollegiate record claims must be based on schedules made up largely of four-year, degree-awarding institutions." So Bevo's freshman records disappeared from the books, among them the most remarkable of all, the single-game scoring record that he set against Ashland Junior College on Jan. 9, 1953: 116 points on 47 field goals and 22 free throws.

Newt Oliver, Rio Grande's pugnacious and outspoken coach, had been stewing over the ruling for months. And now, against

BILL BALLENBERG

the four-year, degree-granting Hillsdale, Oliver at last saw Bevo's chance to seize the day, and the airwaves and headlines with it. At halftime Francis had 43 points, and he was shooting with the eerie, unconscious rhythm of a man who could not miss. The Rio Grande offense was an uncomplicated food chain leading straight to Francis—"Feed Bevo!" Oliver would exhort his men—and in the locker room the coach again implored his players to dish the ball to the man. "With Bevo scoring, we're one of the elite," Oliver told them. "We go to the big arenas! Without Bevo scoring, we go back to playing Podunk basketball. Slip into oblivion. We can make headlines all over the country tonight! They robbed us of the record last year. We'll run it *over* 116. I want that record back tonight!"

Oliver turned to Francis. "Bevo, you're as hot as fire! You shoot that ball every chance you get. I don't want any passing off. I want you to put that ball in the air!"

For the last half of the basketball game, Francis took the feeds and made the shots. He scored 31 points in the third quarter, giving him 74; by the fourth quarter he was quadruple-teamed by Hillsdale defenders. "I was always moving," Francis recalls. "I'd go to the top of the key. If I didn't get the ball, I'd go back down the lane and swing out on one of the corners."

By the closing minutes of the game, Francis had more than 100 points, and at one point Wiseman, a guard, held the ball at the top of the key. He was looking at Bevo in the middle. There were four men on Francis, and to Wiseman he looked like Gulliver surrounded by a phalanx of Lilliputians, his hands up and waiting for the pass.

Suddenly Bevo broke for the right corner, the four defenders chasing him. Wiseman flipped him the ball. Francis grabbed it on the run, about three feet inside the baseline, stopped and leaped in the air, his back still to the basket. Of all the shots Bevo took that night, it was this one that lodged in Wiseman's mind and has stayed there for nearly 40 years. "I'll never forget it," Wiseman says. "He jumped and turned in the air and shot. I didn't think it had a chance. Not a chance. Hit nothing but cord! And they fouled him, and he made the free throw. It was one of those nights."

Rio Grande won the game 134–91, and Francis ended up with 113 points—38 field goals and 37 of 42 free throws—a single-game scoring record that stands today.

Toward high noon one day last August, behind the sliding steel door of a barn set low among the ancient hills of eastern Ohio, the only sounds are the bees humming drowsily in the sun and the rubber soles sliding on the concrete floor and the bouncing of the ball as the gray-haired man moves slowly left, to the top of a make-believe key. Facing the basket, raising his hands above his head to set, feeling with his fingertips the dimpled rubber of the ball, Bevo Francis pushes it gently, sending the ball upward in a soft, summery arc. . . .

Swish. . . .

"I shot baskets every day," Francis says. "Hour by hour. There wasn't much else to do after the chores were done. . . ."

Swish. . . .

"I plowed behind horses and mules. I put up hay. Put up crops. Built fence. Milked cows. There were chickens to feed and hogs to be taken care of. Then I'd go down to the Methodist Church. They had a basket by the parking lot. . . ."

Swish. . . .

DAVE LUTE

Desperate opponents froze the ball on Francis (19, above; 32, at right) to avoid a scorecard like that of the Ashland game.

"Everybody had a basketball hoop, but we played at the church because it was the only basket lit by a streetlight. Sometimes we'd get a full moon and play at home. Or we'd go to Pete Cope's barn. We'd play till we got tired and didn't want to play anymore. Then we'd fall asleep on the stacks of loose hay. . . ."

Swish. . . .

"You had to do something to entertain yourself. Hammondsville had 150 people. Not much happening in a town with a gas station, a post office and general store. You looked forward to shooting baskets—every time you had a chance."

Swish.

Clarence Franklin (Bevo) Francis, who turned 60 on Sept. 4, lives in the same seven-room, redbrick ranch house in Highlandtown, Ohio, that he bought with his wife, Jean, for $9,500 in 1954—the year the Harlem Globetrotters signed him out of college, for $12,000 a year, to play with the Boston Whirlwinds, one of the white teams that barnstormed with the Globies. The Francis home is across the street from the firehouse and two doors down from the Grange Hall and just 20 miles down Route 39 from the plant in Carrollton where Bevo works these days on an assembly line, wearing earplugs and steel-toed boots while boxing rolls of plastic wrap for $10.10 an hour.

He putters at the workbench in his garage; he feeds and waters his six hunting dogs—four for rabbits and two for coons. He is as trim these days as he is tall. "I keep pretty fit hunting with the dogs," says Bevo. He surveys his dog kennels, his vegetable garden. "I'm very comfortable here," he says.

Bevo Francis has not played serious hoops in years, yet it is more than memories that keeps him tethered to the game. On summer nights he sometimes strolls to the out-

JOE SCHERSCHEL/LIFE

door court across from the Grange and watches his ball-hawking granddaughter, Sarah Francis, 5′ 4″ and 14 years old, running and gunning with boys much bigger than she is. On this night, standing off to one side, he watches as she takes an outlet pass, races madly down the sideline, sweeps to the basket, then dishes it off, behind her back, to an open man in the middle.

"She can take on any one of these boys one-on-one and beat 'em," Bevo says. Moments later, leading a fast break up the middle, Sarah stops suddenly, rises straight and drills a 15-foot jumper. The old man grins. "She started when she was little. She could hardly hold the ball. I worked with her on different moves. Taught her how to dribble between her legs. She went to basketball camp last year and came back with all the trophies. The reason she's so good is she plays with the big boys."

Sarah is not so sure. "I think it's, like, hereditary," she says.

Bevo Francis was not much older than Sarah when the world began to turn for him. He was a teenage boy living in Wellsville, six miles east of Highlandtown; by then everyone called him

JOE SCHERSCHEL/LIFE

Little Bevo, after the nickname his father had picked up during Prohibition. Bevo was the name of a near beer bottled by Anheuser-Busch. "My dad drank it all the time," he says. "They called him Bevo, me Little Beve. I finally outgrew that."

He had grown to 6′ 9″ by his junior year, 1951–52, at Wellsville High. That season he had 776 points in 25 high school games, 31 a game; he scored a state-record 57 against Alliance (Ohio) High School one night, and the fans mobbed him at the free throw line before the game was even over.

As a child, as Little Beve, he had suffered bouts with anemia and consequently had missed two years of school. By the time he was a senior, he was 20 and too old to play for Wellsville. No matter: His Wellsville coach, Newt Oliver, had loftier plans.

Oliver, while a basketball player at Rio Grande, had led the country in scoring in 1948 with 725 points. His master's thesis included 75 pages on the art of shooting free throws. Bevo needed no help there, but by then, to be sure, Oliver needed Bevo. With Rio Grande in desperate financial shape, Oliver had taken the $3,500-a-year job as head basketball coach; had coaxed a rich alumnus, a car dealer, to come up with $3,000 for basketball scholarships; and had gone right after Bevo, who was still 1½ credits shy of graduating from high school. That did not deter Oliver.

A coach by trade, a promoter and salesman by inclination, he figured that the jump shot of Bevo Francis was the key to Rio Grande's salvation—the ticket to selling tickets everywhere. "I knew that people wouldn't pay to see five players score 15 points each," Oliver says now. "But I knew they'd flock in to see one player score 50."

One evening late in the summer of '52, Oliver found Francis at his mother-in-law's house—Bevo had married his high school sweetheart Jean Chrislip earlier that year—and said to him, "Well, are you ready to go?"

"I'm not goin'," Bevo said.

"You're *what*?"

"We don't have the money," Bevo said.

"I'm *not* going down there without you," cried Oliver. "You're the reason I took that job!"

Francis, the simple homebody, was no match for the persuasive promoter. He ultimately gave in, and thus began the rarest, wackiest, damnedest two years in college basketball history—a kind of circus wagon winding amiably across America on a long road show, with Bevo performing on call and Oliver bagging peanuts and playing the calliope.

The Rio Grande campus lies in southeastern Ohio, in the village of Rio Grande, a dozen miles northwest of Gallipolis, in Raccoon Township. As a married man, Francis had been given a scholarship consisting of tuition, books, $75 a month for groceries, $35 a month for a furnished apartment—whose bathroom the Francises shared with Oliver and his wife, Maxine—and a campus job, which paid 50 cents an hour. Actually Francis attended two schools at once. "I enrolled him at Rio Grande High School at the same time I enrolled him at Rio Grande College," says Oliver. "He needed those 1½ high school credits to graduate."

The new coach had big dreams. On the first day of practice Oliver told his gathered squad, "One year from now we'll be booked into Madison Square Garden." To which Wiseman replied, "The only garden we'll ever be in is with a hoe."

Oliver's promises did indeed seem ludicrous. The home court of the Rio Grande Redmen was a drafty little bandbox named Community Hall but called the Hog Pen by students. It had room for 250 souls. "No seats in it," recalls Francis. "Tile

floor laid over concrete. A bucket on each end. Cold in the winter. And there weren't any showers."

Between games Maxine and Jean washed the team's uniforms in the apartment bathtub, and Newt often paid for the gas to fuel the two team station wagons for road games. But Oliver did dip into the school's meager funds and extracted $25 to join the NCAA's statistical service, thereby assuring that the team's stats—Bevo's stats, that is—appeared in the weekly summaries.

However weak the Redmen's schedule, which Oliver had inherited, only the most myopic reader of the NCAA stat sheet could ignore the fancy numbers that Francis started hanging up—58 points against Sue Bennett College in Kentucky, 69 against Wilberforce, 72 against California State, 76 against Lees College. There was a faint buzzing of interest as his totals began rolling in, and on occasion a distant sports desk would call the school to ask, "What's a Bevo Francis?"

And then, on a January night in 1953, the world changed for Bevo and Newt and Rio Grande when the wires started clacking out the news from Community Hall. The walls of the Hog Pen had echoed that evening with the exhortations of Oliver, who kept bellowing from the bench, "Foul 'em! Foul 'em!" He wanted the clock stopped at every opportunity to get possession of the ball, so that Bevo, who was potting 10 and 12 jumpers at a stretch without missing, could climb the national bell tower and swing on the clapper for little Rio Grande. Has there ever been a performance more sublime than Bevo's in the final quarter against Ashland? He scored 55 points in its 10 minutes. "Everything he threw up went in," recalls Rio Grande forward Roy Moses, a retired teacher. "And these weren't layups."

Just that quickly Bevo and the Redmen had stepped through the looking glass. In the public mind Rio Grande was no longer some desiccated, windswept campus somewhere on the outskirts of El Paso, but rather this quaint crook in the road in tree-mantled Ohio. Suddenly national magazine photographers were prowling the grounds, and film crews were setting up cameras, and reporters were reconnoitering the buildings. The phones rang at all hours. Oliver, of course, was in heaven; but each night, Bevo and Jean put their infant son, Frank, to sleep and shuddered, waiting for the jangle of the next call.

"You didn't have a life of your own," Bevo says. "It was nothing for people to call at two or three in the morning. I'd get up, and Jean would make me breakfast—I had a seven o'clock class—and I'd get home and there would be reporters and photographers waiting there, and Jean would have to make me breakfast again so they could take pictures. Or they'd wake up Frank and say, 'Get the kid up. We need a picture of you and the kid.' It seemed like every time we moved they took our picture."

Francis became that newest American species, the morning TV celebrity, when the *Today* show, starring Dave Garroway, flew Newt and Bevo to New York to meet America. Bevo then made his evening television debut when he was introduced on *The Ed Sullivan Show*.

Back in Ohio, long lines formed for Rio Grande games. The team had outgrown the Hog Pen, and all but one of the Redmen's remaining home games had been shifted to bigger arenas on the road. Opponents, now challenged by Francis's exploits and fearing humiliation at his hands, did everything possible to stop him, fouling him deliberately the moment he touched the ball, bringing boos cascading from the stands.

The plotting against him reached its most farcical when Rio Grande played Cedarville in Troy, Ohio. Cedarville stalled from the outset, refusing to shoot the ball, and soon the record crowd of 7,451 spectators, drawn to see Bevo perform, began roaring, stomping their feet and pelting the floor with coins and crumpled paper cups. Play was halted; in the interlude a group of Redmen players sat on the bench playing cards while Francis did a radio interview and then signed autographs for fans. But Oliver feared a riot was in the making, as well as a small economic disaster. The gate was nearly $10,000—Rio Grande's share was $6,500—and the crowd was threatening to leave and demand its money back. Oliver fumed at the Cedarville team to cease this sham. It took the intervention of the Cedarville athletic director to convince his coach to play the game at full tempo. Rio Grande won 66–29, and Bevo had 38 points.

BEVO FRANCIS COLLECTION

For Francis's teammates it was a dizzying season. "We didn't realize what was happening," Moses says. "But we loved to play basketball, so we were just having a great time." And by season's end they had steered thousands of dollars into the school's coffers, keeping the doddering old place on its feet.

But when the NCAA stripped Francis of his records, the sweet season turned sour, and Oliver was incensed. After finding that the coach at Yale had been among the chief instigators of the NCAA's action, he shot off a letter to New Haven and challenged the Yale team to a game. Rebuffed by the Elis, the irrepressible Oliver took his quest elsewhere. He scheduled 28 games for the following season, all on the road, and some, as promised, in exalted places.

In their second game of the season, in December 1953, Francis and his teammates found themselves in Madison Square Garden. Against a relatively weak Adelphi College team, the Redmen lost 83–76, with Bevo getting 32; afterward Oliver's road show took a pounding in the New York press. Wrote columnist Jimmy Breslin, "Their humiliating scores against non-

entities is a travesty on the entire structure of intercollegiate athletics."

With that, the Redmen fled to Philadelphia, where they went hammer and tongs with Villanova, the first major school they had ever played; Francis sent the game into overtime with a long jumper from the side. Rio Grande lost, but barely, 93–92; Francis had 39. Then, at the Boston Garden, behind Francis's 41, the Redmen beat Providence College 89–87, and the team went home to Ohio in triumph. A week later Oliver whisked them off on a southern tour. After trouncing Miami 98–88, with Francis scoring 48, Rio Grande took a beating at Raleigh against North Carolina State, which held Bevo to 34 points. But the Redmen finished the trip by defeating Wake Forest 67–65. Oliver had made his point. From New England to Florida, Rio Grande had showed it belonged.

"The second year," says Francis, "they believed us."

And when Bevo walked off the court at Hillsdale with 113 points in his pocket, he and his team had made history.

It all ended as abruptly as it began. Six games from the end of the season, against Ashland Junior College, Francis sprained his ankle, and that hobbled him the rest of the way. The Redmen had brought fame, money and new life to Rio Grande, but their national celebrity had ultimately created a backlash on the campus. Some administrators and faculty had come to resent the gaudy circus wagon that had invaded their grove of sapience. "I would walk down the sidewalks," says Francis, "and faculty members would see me and turn their heads. I don't know what it was. Maybe they were jealous."

He dropped out of Rio Grande at the end of the spring semester, never to return as a student, and the slights he felt left a galling residue. "I didn't go back for 10 years," he says.

Oliver was chased away too, even though he had helped raise his alma mater from its deathbed. "I'm still bitter about it," he says. "Little people in a little institution. They cut us down in our prime. If we had gone four years, no telling what we would have done."

NEWT OLIVER COLLECTION

Fame meant intrusions in the kitchen and in hotel rooms, but also Globetrotter loot for Bevo (with Oliver, standing, above).

BEVO FRANCIS COLLECTION

Instead, Bevo and Newt joined the Globetrotters' act together, Francis as a featured player on the Whirlwinds and Oliver as a coach and later the promotion man of the Globies. Together they lasted 2½ seasons before going their separate ways. Oliver became the owner of a Springfield, Ohio, drive-in restaurant, where he made a fortune selling 25,000 gallons of root beer a year; he later moved on to tree farming and to two elected terms as Clark County commissioner. It all fits as neatly, to be sure, as the white Lincoln Town Car now parked in his driveway in Springfield. He speaks of the Bevo years as if he had lived them just last week.

"We pulled off something nobody ever did before," he says. "It will never be repeated. How could that ever happen again? I had a major college basketball team in a school with 92 students beating Providence and Wake Forest! And we saved the school! We were idolized across the United States. We did the *Today* show, *The Ed Sullivan Show*! It's still like a dream to me."

Not to Francis, though, who got over it long ago. He turned down a contract offer from the Philadelphia Warriors of the NBA in 1956, untempted by a life that would take him too far from his wife and his family, his dogs and his hills.

He might have played for a living, but instead he has worked. He has made dishes in a pottery plant, he has driven a cement truck. He worked in a steel mill, loading trucks, for 19½ years, until the the plant closed in '82, throwing 6,000 people out of work. "I missed the pension and medical benefits by six months," he says. "I was out of work for three years and three months. We lived on savings. But I built that garage over there."

That fits too—as neatly as he folds himself into his red Chevy pickup and makes off toward Sarah's court. Come November, down at the University at Rio Grande, now an institution of 2,137 students, they will be holding the 10th annual Bevo Francis Classic basketball tournament. "They're gonna do a big thing at the tournament this year," he says. "It's 40 years ago that it all started to happen. What's most pleasing to me is to see how the place grew. It's a delight for me to see that."

On Sarah's court he takes a bounce pass, dribbles twice to the left side, reaching up as he nears the rack, and curls in a lefty layup off the board. Then he dribbles back to the top of the key and turns, softly sending the ball skyward.

Swish. ✶

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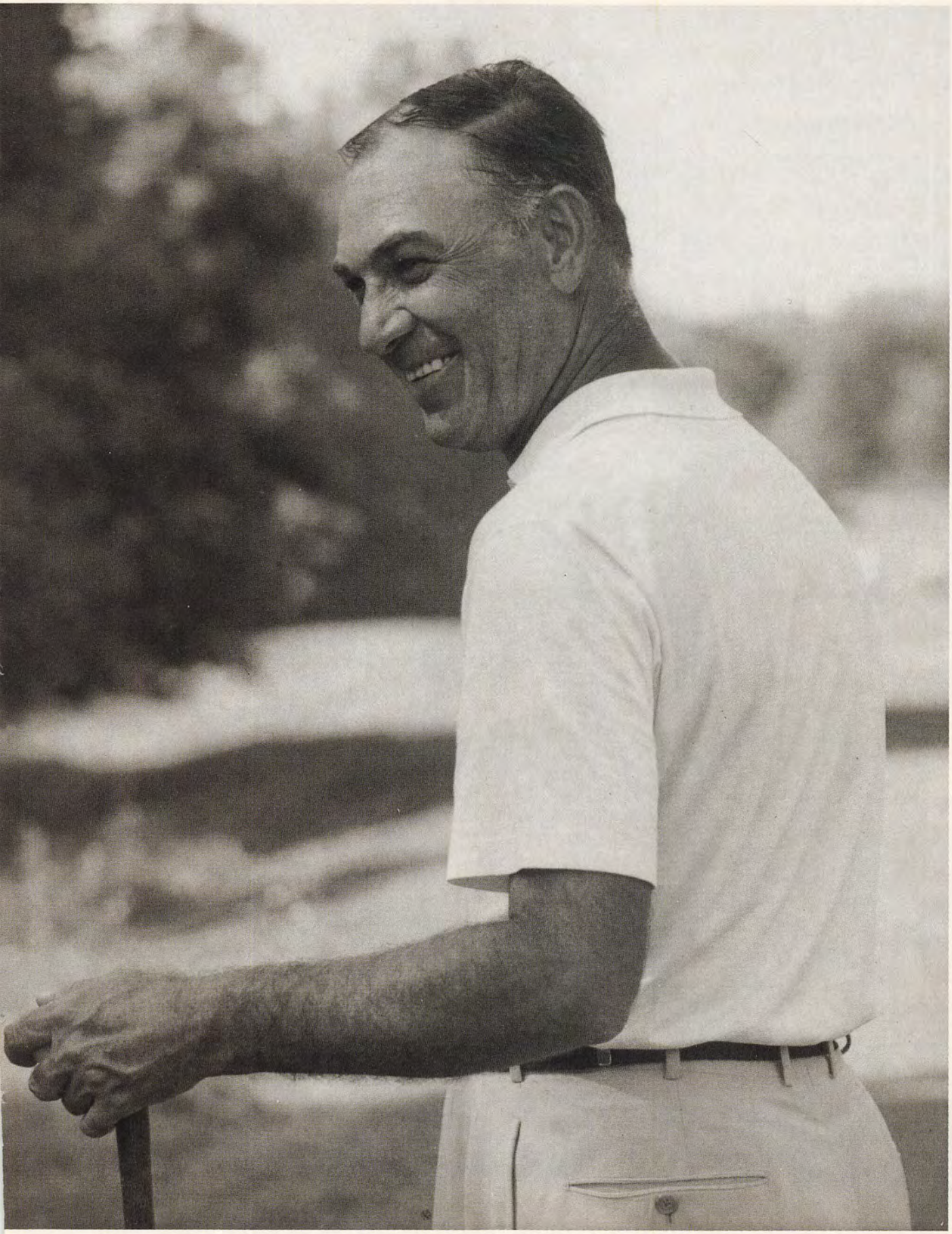
Hogan: One of a Kind

Images of Ben Hogan from the 1959 U.S. Open at Winged Foot evoke memories of the most enigmatic golfer ever to walk a fairway

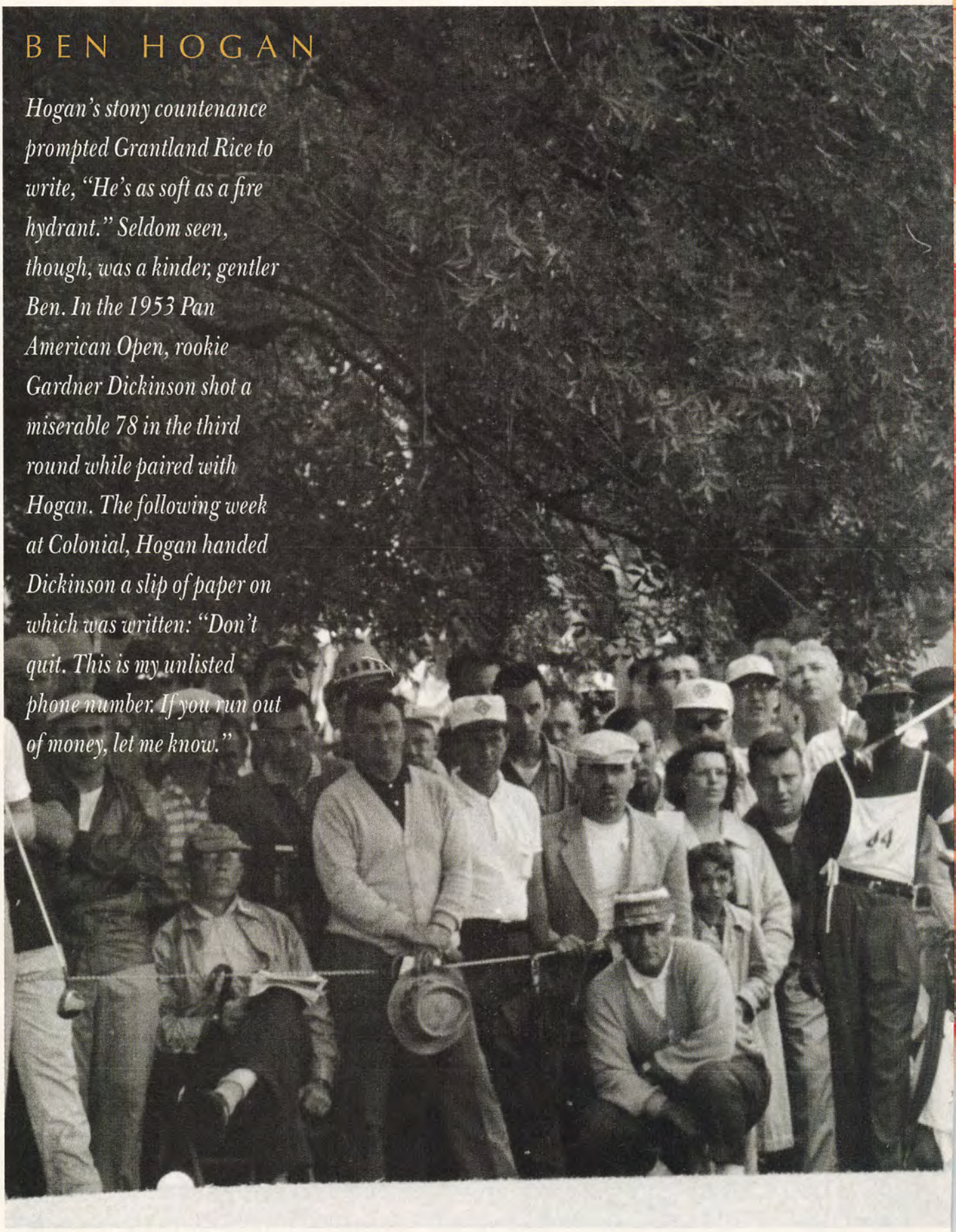
✶ *Photographs by Jules Alexander*

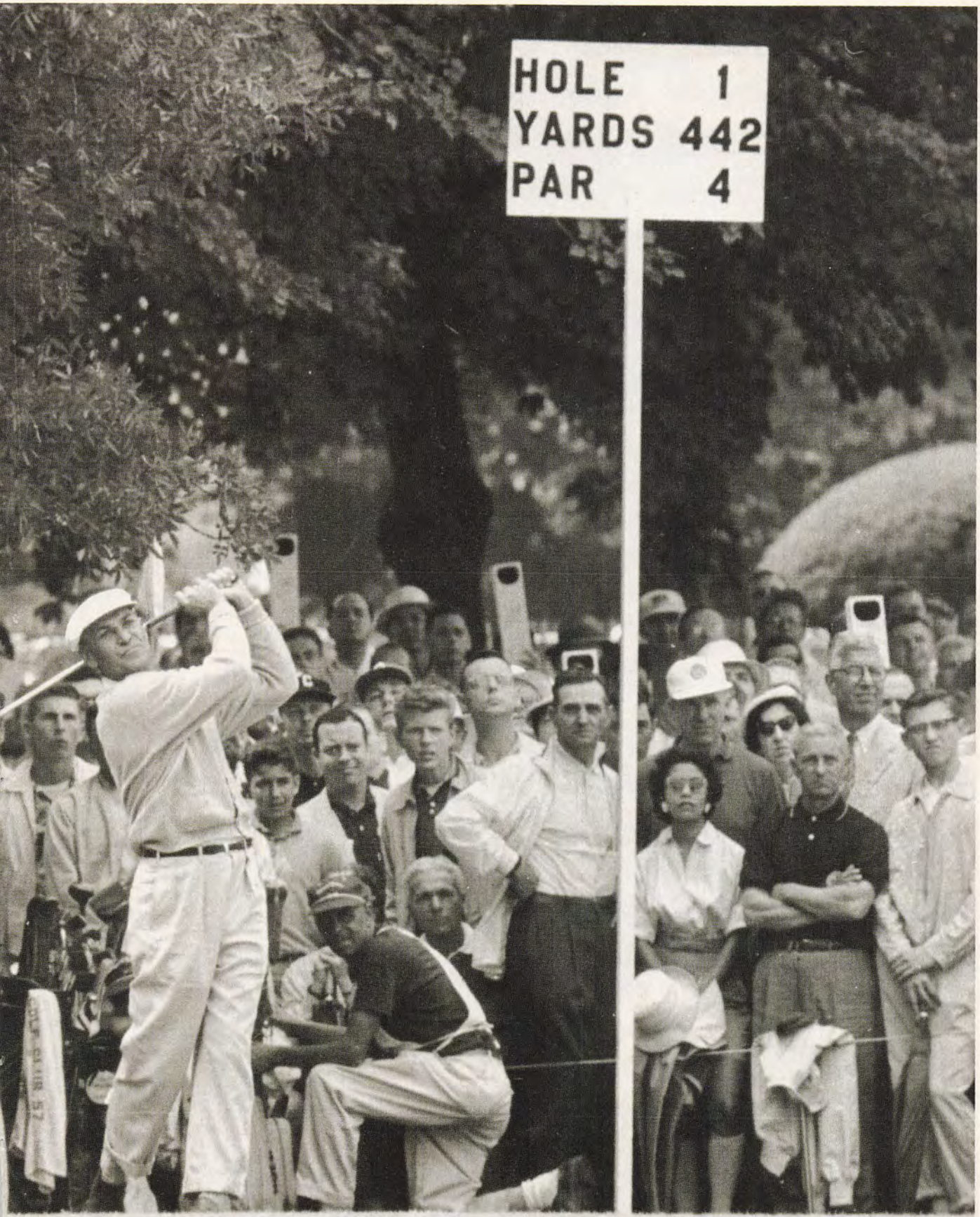
Ben Hogan was once described by Gene Sarazen as "perpetually hungry," which may explain why on the golf course Hogan smiled about as often as he whiffed. He won 62 tournaments, including nine majors, many of them after a near-fatal car accident in 1949 that left him hobbling on ailing legs for the rest of his career. In 1953, at age 40, he became the only golfer ever to achieve the Triple Slam—victories in the Masters, U.S. Open, and British Open in the same year. Hogan's boyhood friend and longtime rival, Byron Nelson, once called him "the man who could play for glory better than anyone I've ever seen."



BEN HOGAN

Hogan's stony countenance prompted Grantland Rice to write, "He's as soft as a fire hydrant." Seldom seen, though, was a kinder, gentler Ben. In the 1953 Pan American Open, rookie Gardner Dickinson shot a miserable 78 in the third round while paired with Hogan. The following week at Colonial, Hogan handed Dickinson a slip of paper on which was written: "Don't quit. This is my unlisted phone number. If you run out of money, let me know."

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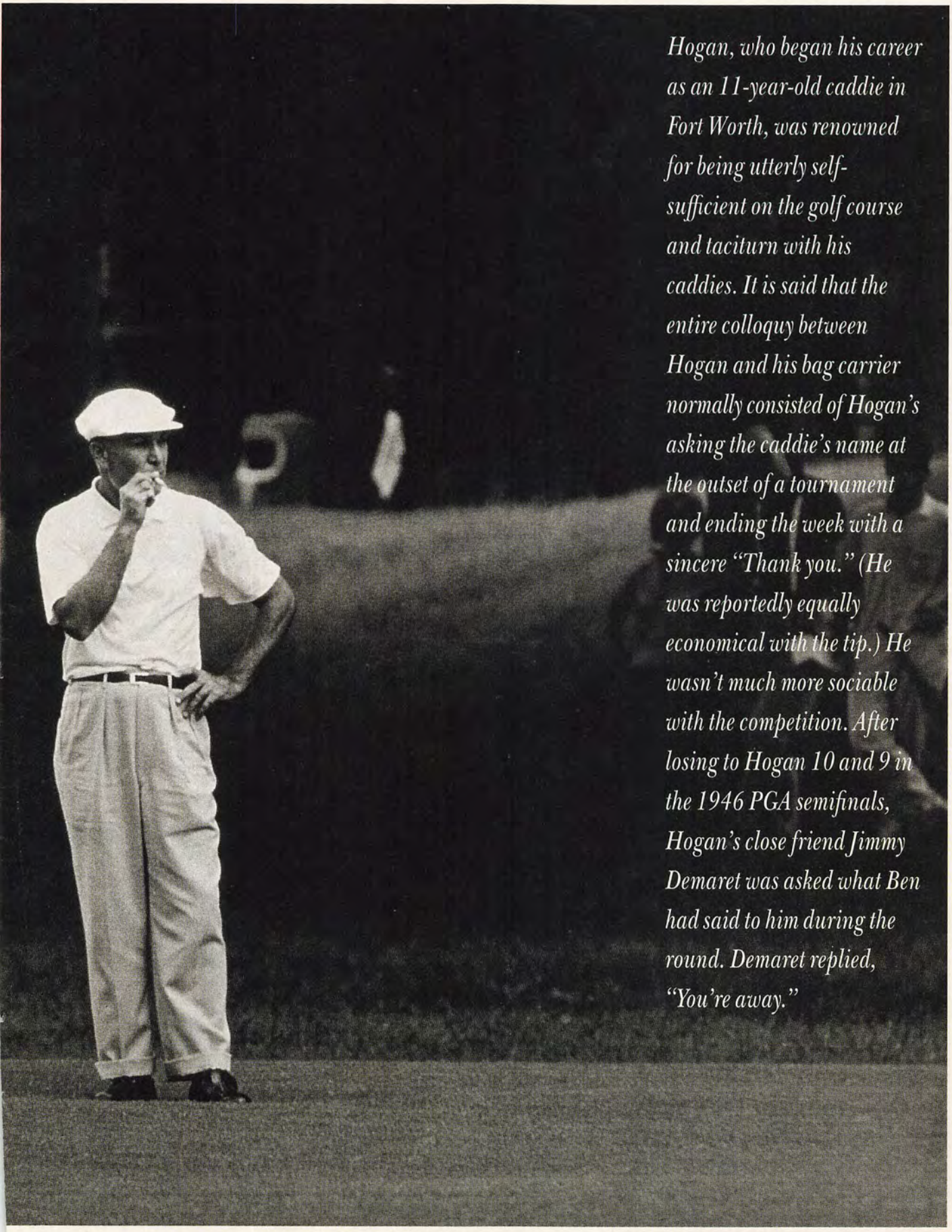
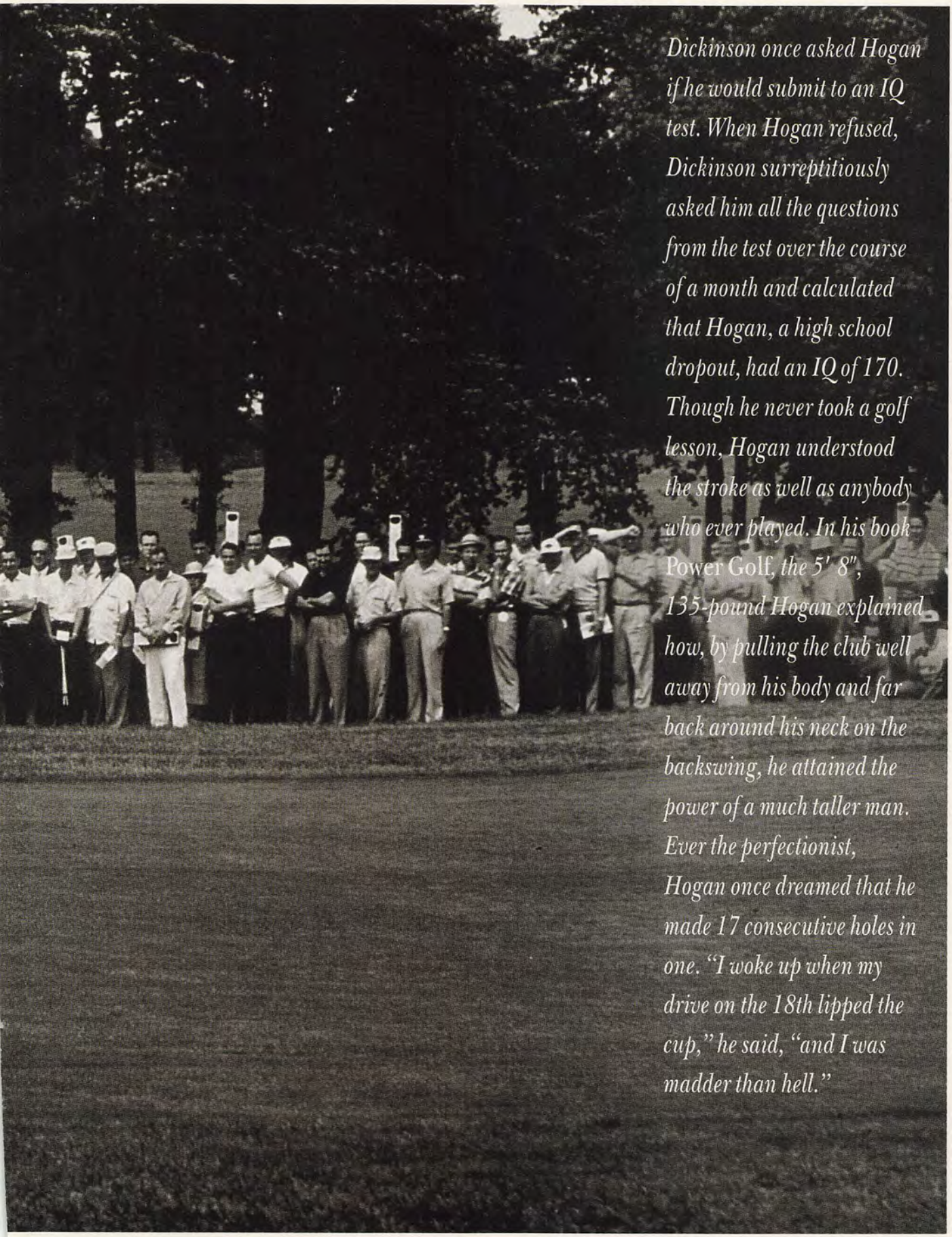
BEN HOGAN



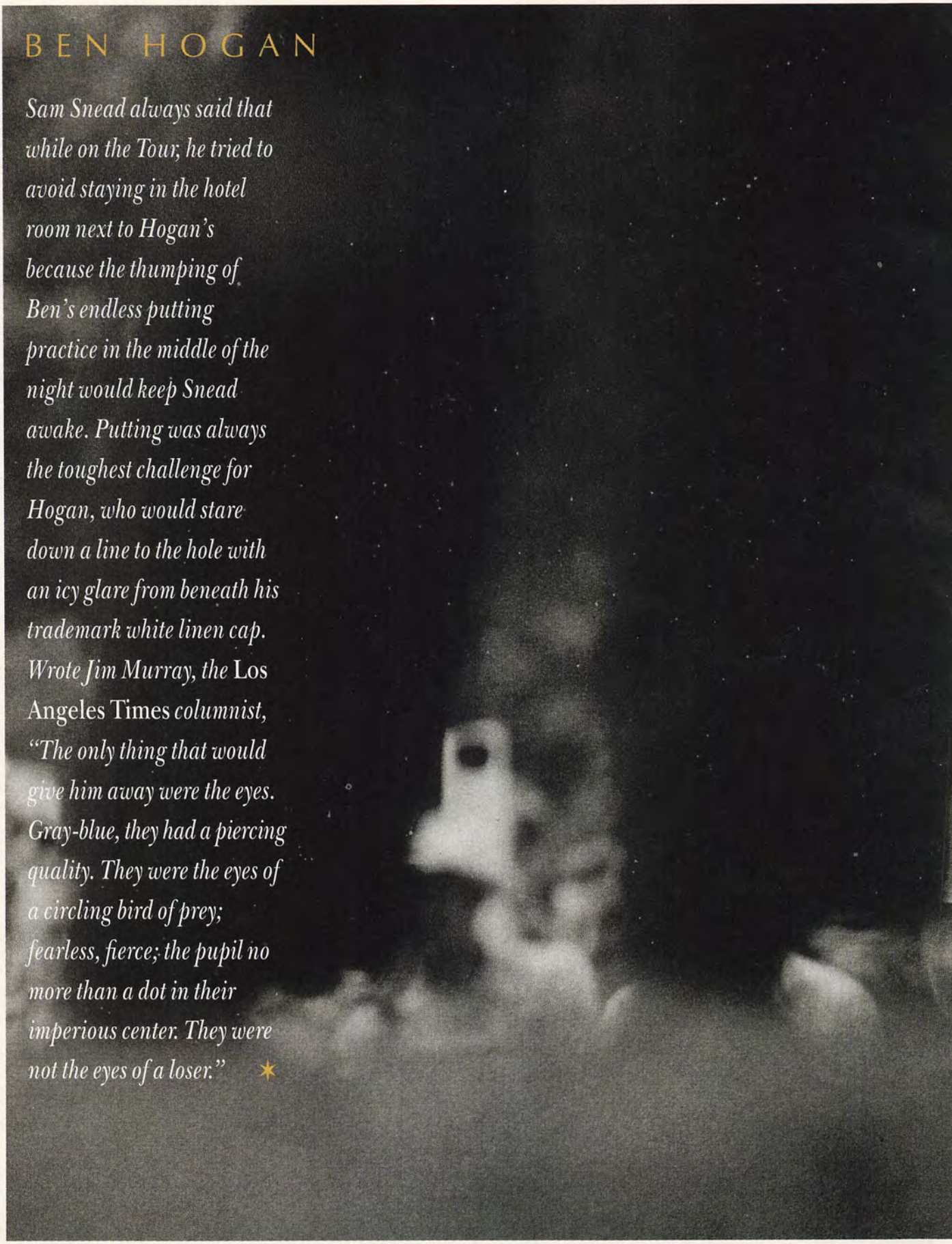
Hogan, who began his career as an 11-year-old caddie in Fort Worth, was renowned for being utterly self-sufficient on the golf course and taciturn with his caddies. It is said that the entire colloquy between Hogan and his bag carrier normally consisted of Hogan's asking the caddie's name at the outset of a tournament and ending the week with a sincere "Thank you." (He was reportedly equally economical with the tip.) He wasn't much more sociable with the competition. After losing to Hogan 10 and 9 in the 1946 PGA semifinals, Hogan's close friend Jimmy Demaret was asked what Ben had said to him during the round. Demaret replied, "You're away."

BEN HOGAN

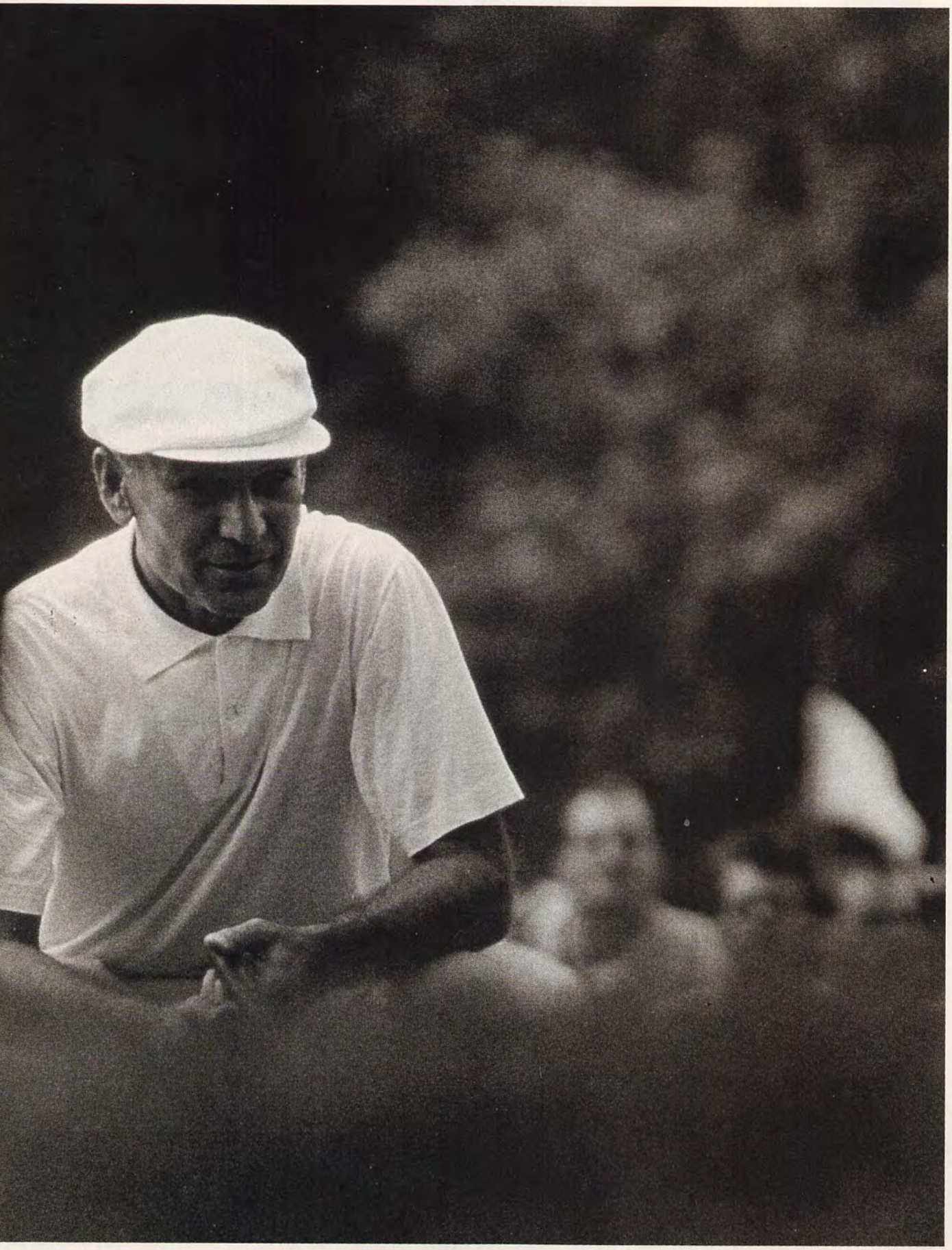


Dickinson once asked Hogan if he would submit to an IQ test. When Hogan refused, Dickinson surreptitiously asked him all the questions from the test over the course of a month and calculated that Hogan, a high school dropout, had an IQ of 170. Though he never took a golf lesson, Hogan understood the stroke as well as anybody who ever played. In his book Power Golf, *the 5′ 8″, 135-pound Hogan explained how, by pulling the club well away from his body and far back around his neck on the backswing, he attained the power of a much taller man. Ever the perfectionist, Hogan once dreamed that he made 17 consecutive holes in one. "I woke up when my drive on the 18th lipped the cup," he said, "and I was madder than hell."*

BEN HOGAN



Sam Snead always said that while on the Tour, he tried to avoid staying in the hotel room next to Hogan's because the thumping of Ben's endless putting practice in the middle of the night would keep Snead awake. Putting was always the toughest challenge for Hogan, who would stare down a line to the hole with an icy glare from beneath his trademark white linen cap. Wrote Jim Murray, the Los Angeles Times *columnist, "The only thing that would give him away were the eyes. Gray-blue, they had a piercing quality. They were the eyes of a circling bird of prey; fearless, fierce; the pupil no more than a dot in their imperious center. They were not the eyes of a loser."* ✶



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Simply Perfect

The Miami Dolphins of 1972 played 17 games and won them all. Twenty years later, they remember that season well

by Paul Zimmerman

THEY WERE a perfect 17–0, yet to this day the Miami Dolphins of 1972 talk about lack of respect. "We were the only Super Bowl champ of the last 20 years not to get invited to the White House," claims their kicker, Garo Yepremian.

The '71 Dolphins had flopped in their first title try—Super Bowl VI—losing 24–3 to the Dallas Cowboys. Seven months later Miami had something to prove, and it launched the '72 campaign with an offense that was heavy on the run and a defense that was young and unknown. These Dolphins ultimately won consecutive championships (Supes VII and VIII) and became the only team ever to play in three straight Super Bowls. Then the WFL took away three of their greatest stars—Larry Csonka, Paul Warfield and Jim Kiick—and the run was over.

But 20 years later the memories flow. This is the story, in 17 abbreviated chapters, of the unbeaten season of 1972.

Game 1, at Kansas City, 20–10

Sept. 17: It was the Chiefs' first game in brand-new Arrowhead Stadium. Their last one in old Municipal Stadium had been the Christmas Day playoff loss to the Dolphins in double overtime, the longest pro game ever. "We closed out their old one," quarterback Bob Griese says now, "and we ruined their opener in the new one."

The temperature on the field was 120°. "I was dying," recalls Miami guard Larry Little, "but at the end of the third quarter I sprinted to the other end of the field—to prove something, I guess. Their guys just looked at me. One of them said, 'Look at that fool.' "

"Hottest game I ever coached in," Don Shula says. "One man in the stadium had a jacket on—Hank Stram on the other sideline, breaking in his new red blazer."

Csonka (39) was the star, but with Griese (above left) out, Morrall (15) was the savior for Shula.

Game 2, vs. Houston, 34–13

Sept. 24: The new Poly-Turf in the Orange Bowl was a disaster. After the game, fullback Csonka said, "Technology has advanced to the point where it's capable of finishing every player before his time. Every time I tried to cut, my toes were driven to the point of my shoe. I feel like my ribs are coming out of my throat. Look at this turf. It's slimy. I swear, there's some kind of fumes coming off the rug."

"Dan Dowe, our equipment man, gave us sneakers to wear," Little remembers. "I got two big blisters and never wore 'em again." No matter. Miami rushed for 274 yards.

Game 3, at Minnesota, 16–14

Oct. 1: The Vikings led 14–6 with 4:34 left. The Dolphins drove and were stopped. Shula called on Yepremian to try a 51-yard field goal, even though his career longest was 48. "There was a lot of talk about that decision," Shula says. "What the hell, we needed 10 points." The kick was good.

Miami forced a punt and drove to a first down on the Viking three, where Griese fooled Minnesota with a little sneak pass to tight end Jim Mandich for the winning touchdown. "One-19 split delay," Mandich says. "I faked a block on Jim Marshall, who knocked the hell out of me. Everyone keyed on Csonka; I mean, you've got a fullback who's around 260 pounds—what would you expect? I was uncovered."

"That was the game that really made us," guard Bob Kuechenberg says. "Those were the Vikings in the heyday of the Purple People Eaters." Says Griese, "I remember thinking afterward, Hey, we must be pretty good." Odd statistic: After three games, Miami was the NFL's only unbeaten team.

Game 4, at New York Jets, 27–17

Oct. 8: The Jets were averaging 35 points and almost 300 yards passing per game. "Our whole concern was Joe Namath," says Miami middle linebacker Nick Buoniconti. "If the rest of the Jets didn't show up, he could beat us alone." So defensive coach Bill Arnsparger surprised New York with five defensive backs on first down, and in the second half he used his new 53 Defense—a modern 3–4—exclusively, and Namath and the Jets were stopped.

"We had a card game going on the plane," Yepremian says. "I was winning big, so a superstition started: When Garo won, the team won. After a while the writers started asking me, 'How'd you do in the card game?' "

Game 5, vs. San Diego, 24–10

Oct. 15: In the first quarter, Charger defensive end Rob East crashed into Griese's right leg, breaking the fibula and dislocating the ankle. In came Earl Morrall, an April waiver pickup from Baltimore. "I remember seeing Griese lying there in pain, with his ankle all contorted," Mandich says, "and here's this 38-year-old man with a flattop haircut coming on the field, and I thought, Oh hell, it's all over."

"Only guy with a square head and a round house," Kuechenberg says of Morrall. "Honest. He built himself this round house in the middle of an orange grove."

"Earl had led us to the Super Bowl in Baltimore when John Unitas was hurt," says Shula, who had previously coached the Colts. "Give [Miami owner] Joe Robbie credit for letting me pick Earl up, even with the big salary."

"Yeah, big salary—$90,000," says Morrall. "And that was in my 17th year." Against San Diego, he completed eight of 10 passes and threw for two touchdowns. But everyone wondered, How long could he hold up?

"I remember lying in the hospital that night," Griese says, "and looking at my ankle, twisted kind of sideways into a Z. I was thinking that all I wanted to do was *walk* again."

Game 6, vs. Buffalo, 24–23

Oct. 22: Buffalo coach Lou Saban said it was "the strangest game I've seen in all my years." Buoniconti said, "I don't enjoy games that get out of control. It infuriates you."

Defensive tackle Manny Fernandez stole a handoff from Buffalo quarterback Dennis Shaw. An incomplete screen pass from Morrall to Mercury Morris was ruled a lateral and was recovered by Buffalo tackle Don Croft while everyone else stood around. Shula went wild and drew a 15-yard penalty for putting his

NEIL LEIFER (2)

hands on an official. Yepremian kicked a 54-yard field goal, his longest ever. "I remember later reading our yearbook about the unbeaten season," Yepremian says, "and thinking, My god, what if I didn't make the 54-yarder?"

GAME 7, AT BALTIMORE, 23–0

Oct. 29: "They gave me a big cheer when I trotted out," says Morrall, who played for four seasons in Baltimore. Morrall threw 15 passes; the Dolphins called 52 running plays. "Typical statistics for us in those days," says punter and tight end Larry Seiple, who is currently the Dolphins' receivers coach. "Kind of the reverse from now, huh?"

GAME 8, AT BUFFALO, 30–16

Nov. 5: "I always hated War Memorial Stadium," says wideout Paul Warfield. "Tiny, cramped locker room. Then to get on the field you had to come down a metal stairway, past the popcorn stands and people screaming obscenities at you who were held back by two ropes that couldn't hold off a two-year-old. Is this really the NFL?"

Csonka (39), Kiick (21), Buoniconti (towel) and Morris (22) made headlines, but no-names like Charles Babb (49, blocking a Cleveland punt) made key plays.

After catching a touchdown pass, tight end Marv Fleming found a folded $10 bill in the end zone. "He came back to the bench screaming, 'I hit pay dirt!' " Seiple says. "He was happier about that than the TD, which makes sense if you know Marv."

GAME 9, VS. NEW ENGLAND, 52–0

Nov. 12: The offensive linemen were wondering who would get to rest first. "Finally, the coaches decided to do it by age," Little says. "So me and right tackle Norm Evans got to watch."

At 45–0 Miami scored on a 39-yard Jim Del Gaizo–to–Mandich pass. "It was 60-double-Q," Mandich says. "I ran a post pattern against some stumbling linebacker. They were god-awful. We had a swagger to us. Rub it in? Who cared?"

GAME 10, VS. NEW YORK JETS, 28–24

Nov. 19: "Trivia question," Kuechenberg says. "We had three of the greatest runners in the game: Csonka, Morris and Kiick. We had Warfield, who was great on the end around. So who got the longest touchdown run of the year? It was Morrall, 31 yards. I got nine blocks on the play; Little got 11." "Longest run of the season," Morrall says. "Two-and-a-half minutes."

"I remember we had to come from behind to win at the end," says Little, "but what I remember best is that during the week, Earl made a statement that he didn't want his son to grow up like Joe Namath. So when the captains went out for the coin toss, Joe wouldn't shake his hand."

GAME 11, VS. ST. LOUIS, 31–10

Nov. 27: Monday-night football. The whispers were starting. Could Miami become the first team to go unbeaten and untied since the 1948 Cleveland Browns of the All-America Conference? "Howard Cosell, who was doing the game for ABC, talked to us during the day, and he brought it up," Morrall says. "But honestly, even though we'd clinched the division the week before, all we were thinking about was the playoffs."

"In the locker room before the game," recalls Little, "I said to my roommate, Wayne Moore, 'You know, we still haven't lost a game.' He said, 'Don't talk about it. You'll jinx us.' Kind of like not talking about a no-hitter."

GAME 12, AT NEW ENGLAND, 37–21

Dec. 3: "We were staying out in the sticks somewhere," Morrall says. "The night before the game Shula let us go into Boston for a meal. So 16 of us took a bus in, and we had dinner on the wharf, Anthony's Pier 4, and all the New England fans kept sending wine to our table, hoping we would imbibe heavily. We were only too glad to oblige.

"We got back to the hotel for our 9:30 meeting, and we were in a pretty jovial mood. Afterward we had this big water and ice-cube fight in the hall outside the rooms. Shula heard the noise and came out of his room and just about walked into Lloyd Mumphord, our cornerback, who had a wastebasket full of water in mid-delivery when he saw it was Shula. He almost sprained his back pulling the thing back.

"Next day at his pregame meeting, Shula jumped on us: 'You guys are losing your focus.' " The Dolphins rushed for 304 yards, a team record. The game was over in the third quarter.

GAME 13, AT NEW YORK GIANTS, 23–13

Dec. 10: It was a muddy day in Yankee Stadium. Griese, newly activated, jogged around the field before the game and thought, Uh-uh, not today.

"It was the first time the press paid heavy attention to our unbeaten streak," Warfield says. "That's all the New York writers wanted to talk about. We told them, 'The important thing is how we do in the postseason.' Shula had drilled us well."

HEINZ KLUETMEIER (CSONKA AND KIICK, MORRIS, BABB); NEIL LEIFER (BUONICONTI)

2
ANDREWS
52

17
75

By completing a modest nine of 17 passes for 163 yards, Morrall took over the NFL passing lead. He was averaging 15 passes a game. "Same as my uniform number," he says.

GAME 14, VS. BALTIMORE, 16–0

Dec 16: The Dolphins needed 105 yards to break the alltime single-season record, set by the 1936 Detroit Lions. Miami did it in the third quarter, on a five-yard scramble by Morrall.

Morrall also threw an interception, to linebacker Ted Hendricks, a personal favorite of Morrall's four-year-old son, Mitch. "After the game a reporter asked Mitch what he had liked best," Morrall says. "He said, 'When Daddy threw the ball to Teddy and he caught it.' My wife said, 'No, no, no.' "

GAME 15, VS. CLEVELAND, 20–14

Dec. 24: AFC playoff. The Browns were not expected to do much, but they came out in a nasty mood and led 14–13 late in the fourth quarter. "I mean, we were ready to play, but they surprised us," Warfield says. "They just wouldn't go away. It was nerve-racking." Finally, with 4:54 to go, Miami got the winning touchdown on an eight-yard run by Kiick.

Cleveland's Mike Phipps threw five interceptions, the final one to linebacker Doug Swift. "I made the last tackle of the day—on Swift," Buoniconti says. "The guy was from Amherst, supposed to be smart. But there he was, running around like a halfback. I yelled, 'Just fall down, idiot!' Then I dropped him."

GAME 16, AT PITTSBURGH, 21–17

Dec. 31: AFC championship. "It just dawned on me," says Terry Bradshaw, the Steeler quarterback. "How come we got home field for that game?" Answer: because in those days the site of the conference championship game was rotated among the divisions, and that season it was the AFC Central's turn.

"The Dolphins didn't scare us," Bradshaw says. "They didn't have those mean, intimidating type people. I mean Earl Morrall . . . and that defense of theirs . . . basically nice guys. They didn't have a Mean Joe Greene or a Mad Dog White like we had."

"We didn't scare him, huh?" says Buoniconti. "Please remind Mr. Bradshaw that our defense gave up the fewest points in the NFL that year."

And knocked Bradshaw out of the game. On a first-quarter scramble, he was hit, he fumbled, the ball was recovered for a Steeler TD, and Bradshaw nursed a bruised shoulder. Miami, which hadn't done a thing, got back in the game on a 30-yard run off a fake punt by Seiple. "But what really turned the game," Seiple says, "was Shula coming in with Griese for Morrall in the second half." On his first possession, Griese threw a 52-yard pass to Warfield to set up the go-ahead touchdown.

"Third-and-long," Warfield says. "That crowd was going crazy. Andy Russell, their right linebacker, was covering me in the slot. No one ever got inside Andy from the slot; he always made you go outside. I stared him in the eyes. I looked outside. Then I broke that way and he bought it, and I cut back inside—the old 81–I play, our bread and butter. To this day, whenever I see Andy, he says, 'How'd you ever get inside me that day?' "

GAME 17, VS. WASHINGTON, 14–7

Jan. 14: Super Bowl VII, Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum. Fourth quarter, game well in hand, Miami up 14–0. Yepremian tries a 42-yard field goal . . . it's blocked . . . the ball hits Miami's 6′ 6″ Bob Heinz in the back . . . Yepremian picks it up . . . he tries to pass. . . . Uh-oh, the ball slips out of his hand, and the Redskins' Mike Bass scoops it up and runs 49 yards for a touchdown. Now it's 14–7, with 2:07 left.

In the Super Bowl, Fernandez (75) and the Dolphin defense stymied the Skins and Billy Kilmer (17), but Yepremian (1) threw a late scare into his teammates before Shula (right) got his perfect ending—and the blimp got the last word.

"I still remember the deathly silence when Garo came back to the bench," Kuechenberg says. "Except for Shula, who told him, 'You should have fallen on the damn ball.' Me? All I felt was intense anger. I still do. I mean, here we were out there, bleeding through every pore of our bodies and. . . . I don't want to talk about it. I get too mad."

"I was throwing to Csonka," Yepremian says. "Big target. The day before in practice, I was throwing 30-yard passes to David Shula on the sideline. I was trying to make something happen."

Garo, was there *any* Dolphin who said something nice to you after that play? "Just one," he says. "Norm Evans. He's a Christian minister now. He told me, 'Don't worry, God loves you whether you do wrong or not.' "

"What gets me," Kuechenberg fumes, "is that over the years Garo has cashed in big-time on that play."

"There's not a day in my life when someone doesn't mention it," Yepremian says.

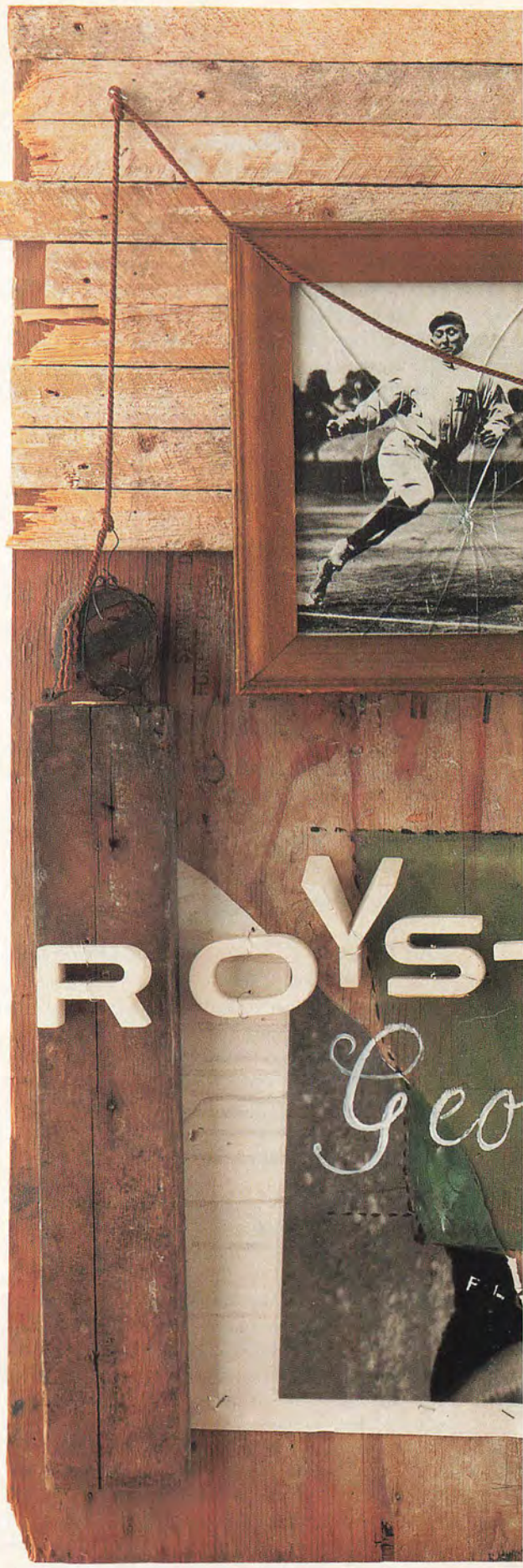
Well, what the hell. The game ended 14–7, and the Dolphins were 17–0 history makers and Super Bowl champs. "You know what kills me?" Buoniconti says. "We were unbeaten going into the Super Bowl, and we were still two-point underdogs to the Skins. Just no respect." ✶

WALTER IOOSS JR. (LEFT); NEIL LEIFER (RIGHT, 2)

The Last Remains of a Legend

Ty Cobb, baseball's eccentric genius, died in rural Georgia more than 30 years ago, very wealthy and virtually alone. The author recently paid him a visit

by Leigh Montville



THE TEMPERATURE is 95°, a July day that is hot even for northern Georgia. I sit on the steps of the granite mausoleum at Rose Hill Cemetery in Royston, and my shirt is soaked, stuck to my back. Two hours of driving from Atlanta have been a sticky ordeal. Hot. The only sound is from the convulsions of a backhoe, digging a new grave in the red clay.

I sit with Ty Cobb. Was it always this hot, Ty? Goodness. No wonder you were the way you were. Goodness. I am drawn here by the dark legend of baseball's greatest player. I have read all the stories, grown up on them, virtual American folktales by now. Did you really sharpen your spikes in the dugout before a game, giving the boys in the other dugout a look at the trouble that awaited? Did your teammates really hate you just as much as the players in that other dugout did? What about the gambling? What about the affinity for the bottle in your later years?

Ty Cobb is interred in the wall on the left side of the mausoleum. His father and his mother, touched by scandal in life, are linked together forever in death on the right side. His sister Florence, flamboyant and never married, has joined them. In

Illustrations by Josh Gosfield

the back of the crypt is a stained-glass window. In the front are two wrought iron doors, backed by glass. A heavy chain and padlock seal the doors.

"We needed the padlock," says Greg Hall, a local florist and chamber of commerce member. "About a year ago, a vagrant was sleeping in here every night. We kept kicking him out, but he kept coming back. Finally, we just had to lock the doors. Two or three years ago, someone put a bullet through the glass. A small caliber. Maybe a .22. We had to replace the glass."

I am late to the game. I know this. Ty Cobb, Royston's most famous resident, has been inside this mausoleum for 31 years. He would be 105 years old now. There are very few people alive who ever saw him play baseball, even as children, and the younger people who knew him at the end of his 74-year life are becoming old themselves. I know this.

I am here as the dim cover of time is being pulled, ever so slowly, for those last few inches or feet or whatever final tug renders a famous man remote, as remote as George Washington or Abraham Lincoln or Julius Caesar, remembered only by the written word. I want to take a look before the last stretch of asphalt is poured across the footsteps. I want to talk to some people here who knew the actual man.

"Look inside the crypt," Hall, the florist, says. "See how it's lined with marble? Look at the marble in the back. See the crack underneath the window? We're going to get the chamber of commerce to repair that. The family has little interest in the upkeep, so the chamber's going to do it. You have to stop a small problem before it becomes a big problem."

Hall is a young man, maybe mid-30's. I ask if he ever met Ty Cobb. He says he never did. He has only heard the stories.

THE BANKER "Ty showed up one day at the bank," says Cliff Kimsey, who lives in the nearby town of Cornelia. "He was carrying this large pillow slip, this pillowcase, filled with something. He asked to see the president of the bank. I was the president at the time."

Kimsey didn't know Cobb. He had heard of him, of course, but Cobb had spent most of his time after retirement living in California and Nevada. Now, in 1957, Cobb had returned to Georgia. He was living in an apartment in Cornelia but had purchased a stretch of land on a hill and planned to build an estate. It was a project that would never come to pass. In a few years the cancer that had started in his prostate gland would move into his bones, and doctors would tell him there was nothing that could be done. But Cobb didn't know that on the day he walked into Cliff Kimsey's bank.

"Ty introduced himself, and I introduced myself, and he asked if we had safety-deposit boxes," Kimsey says. "I told him we did. He asked the rate for renting a box for a year. I told him $25. For some reason he seemed astonished at this. He said 'the backstabbers' in California—that's what he called those bankers out there, backstabbers—were charging him $300 a month for the same service. He seemed honored that I would charge him only $25. I wasn't doing anything special, that was the rate for anyone, but I was glad that he was happy.

"He then showed me what was in the pillowcase. There was a giant pile of stocks and securities. I said we didn't have a box big enough to fit all of them, but maybe we could fit it in two boxes. I also said, before we put everything in the boxes, that maybe we should do an audit to protect him and the bank."

Kimsey, 71, is now retired. He says there was more than $5 million in paper certificates in the two deposit boxes when Cobb died in 1961. Cobb was a wealthy man, an investor from his first days in baseball when he would listen to the tips offered by auto executives in Detroit. He was a heavy investor in General Motors, and in Coca-Cola in its earliest years. The same stocks that Cobb bought in the Twenties would be worth over $2 billion today. In 1961, Kimsey estimates, Cobb was wealthy enough that his paper worth could rise or dip $100,000 a day with the fluctuations of the market.

"I'd like to speak for Ty a little bit," Kimsey says. "A lot has been written about him, a lot of bad things, but he did some good. He established a scholarship fund for kids to go to college, and when he died, he left more than $1 million to it. I was there at the reading of the will. His family was there, and it seemed to me that they didn't give a hoot in hell that he was dead, just wanted to see what was left to them. I think he left his three children about a million dollars each, including a trust for

HOUSTON, 1966

Ali vs. Cleveland Williams

The champ ruled the weigh-in and the fight, which ended with a third-round TKO.

Photograph by
JAMES DRAKE

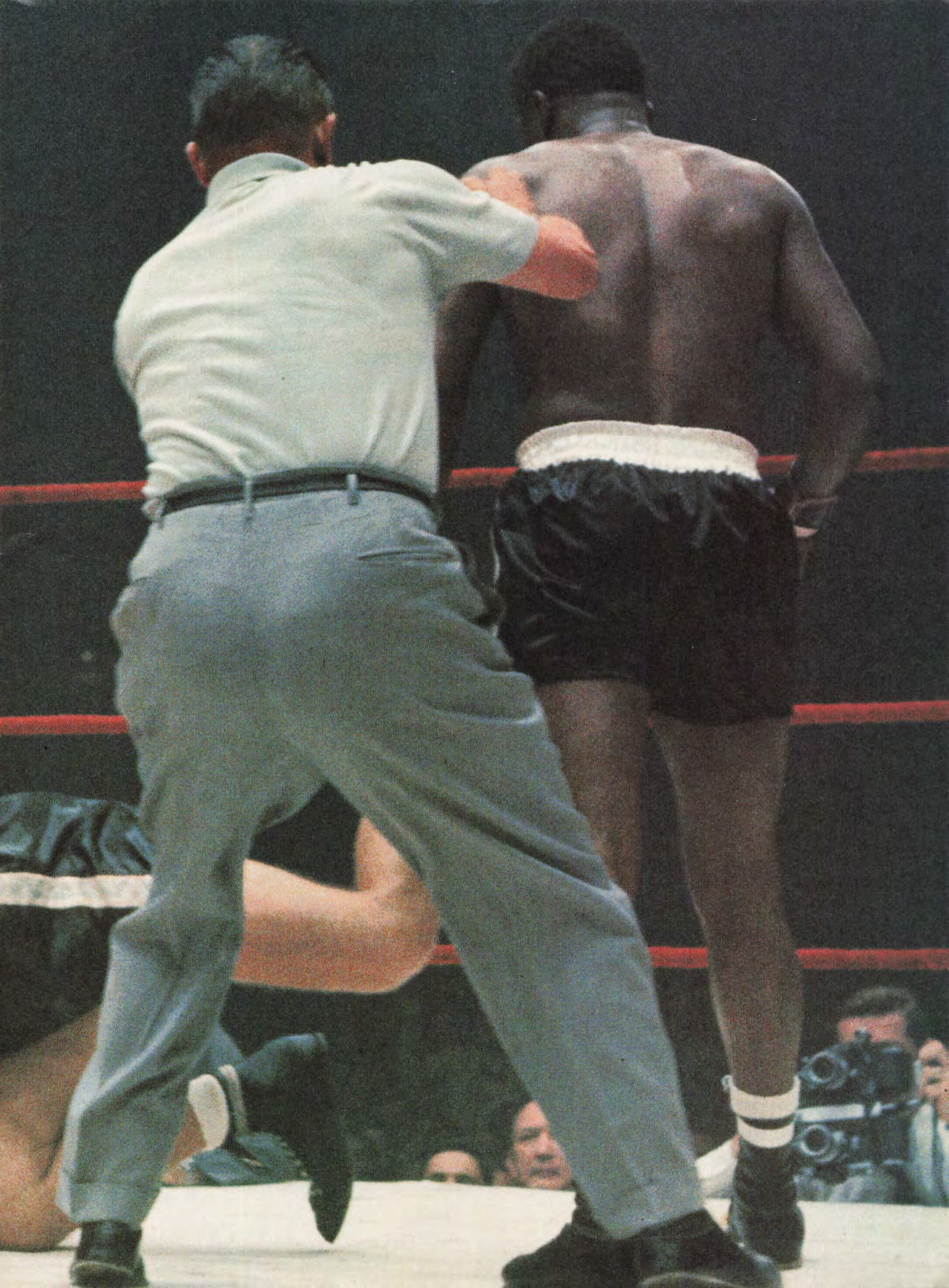
Boxing in the '60s was, first and last, illumined by a chrysalis out of Louisville who transformed himself from Cassius Clay into Muhammad Ali and changed the game. It was the last decade of small clubs, when all divisions swarmed with tough, hungry contenders of all sizes and styles. There were still champions of the art of body punching, from Dick Tiger and Emile Griffith to José Torres and Carlos Ortiz. Blacks and Latins rose to dominate, leaving the '60s as the last decade for notable fighters of Italian descent: middleweight Joey Giardello; light heavyweight Willie Pastrano; and Nino Benvenuti, who read Voltaire and listened to Chopin and, in 1967, separated Griffith from his middleweight crown. Among the heavies, the decade began with Floyd Patterson KO'ing Ingemar Johansson and ended with young Joe Frazier flattening Jerry Quarry. But it was Ali who danced through the division and ushered in the era of big money—of Vegas extravaganzas and closed-circuit deals, of impatient managers and unschooled fighters, of purses so big that winners began sleeping in. As Pastrano put it, "You know, whether you're exercising or doing roadwork, it's a lot tougher to get out of bed wearing silk pajamas." ✶

MIAMI BEACH, 1961

Patterson vs. Johansson

In successfully defending his title, Patterson floored his rival in the sixth round.

Photograph by
NEIL LEIFER



Lewiston, Maine, 1965

Ali vs. Sonny Liston

In his first title defense, and his first fight as Muhammad Ali, the young champ met Liston in a most unlikely venue.

Photograph by
Bob Gomel / LIFE

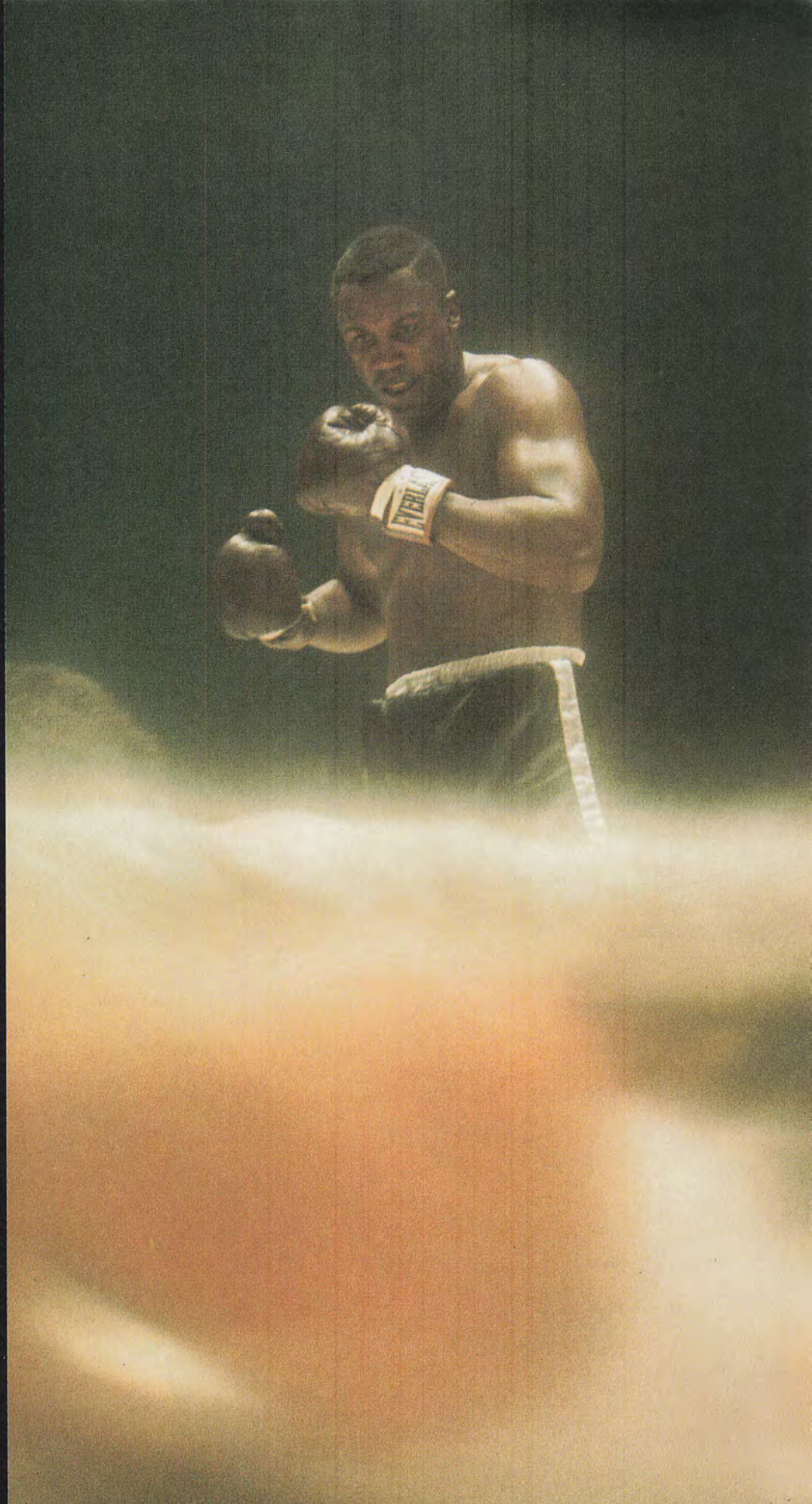
RADIO

LEWISTON, 1965

Ali vs. Liston

Before the bout, Liston (seen through Ali's legs) looked smug; 1:52 into Round 1, Liston was on his back and the fight was over.

Photograph by
JOHN DOMINIS
LIFE

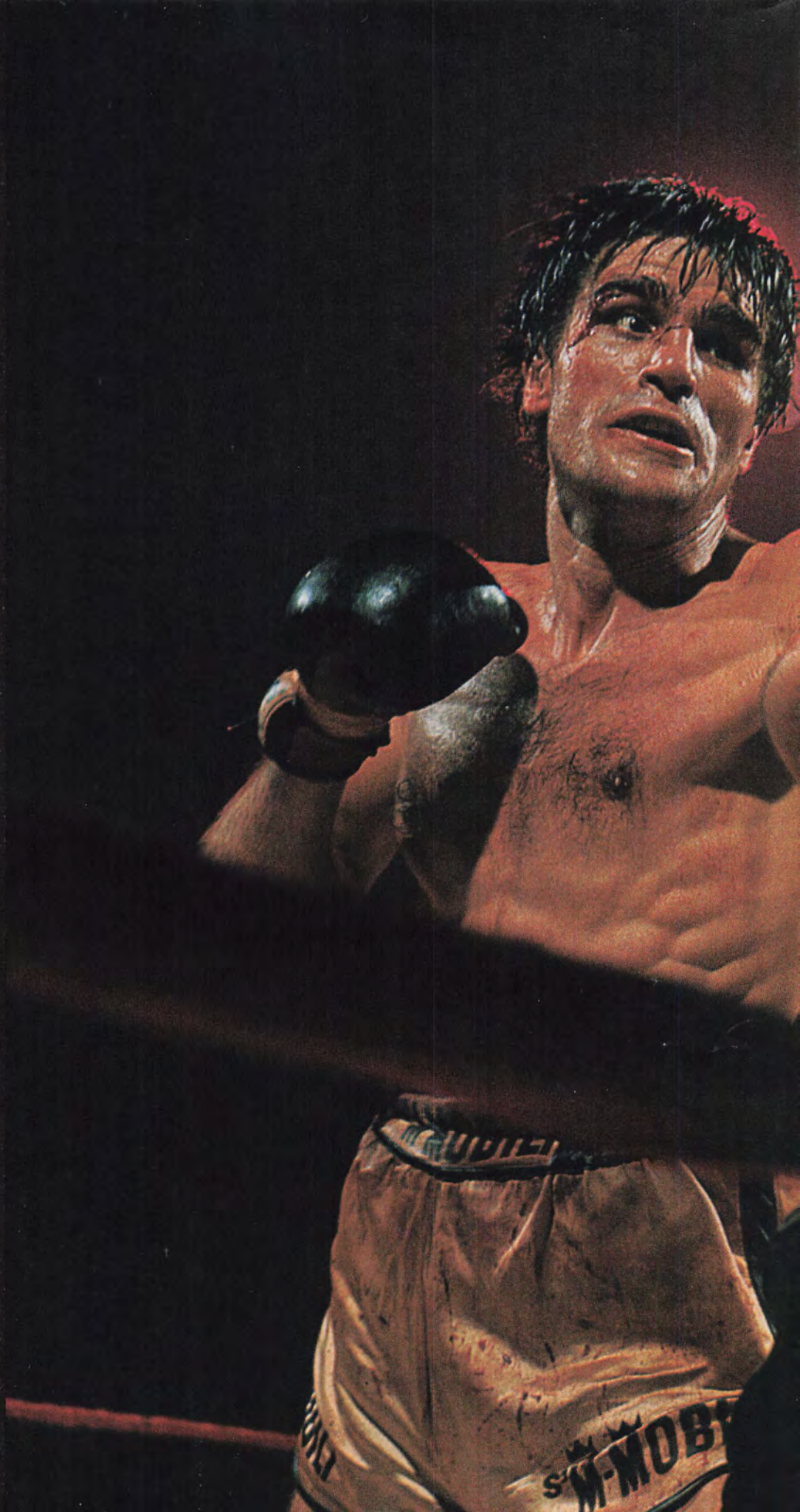


PHILADELPHIA, 1967

Frazier vs. Tony Doyle

Five months before his first title bout, Frazier smoked Doyle with a second-round TKO.

Photograph by
NEIL LEIFER



ROME, 1966

Benvenuti vs. Don Fullmer

In Benvenuti's middleweight debut on the world stage, he decisioned Fullmer in 12 stylish rounds.

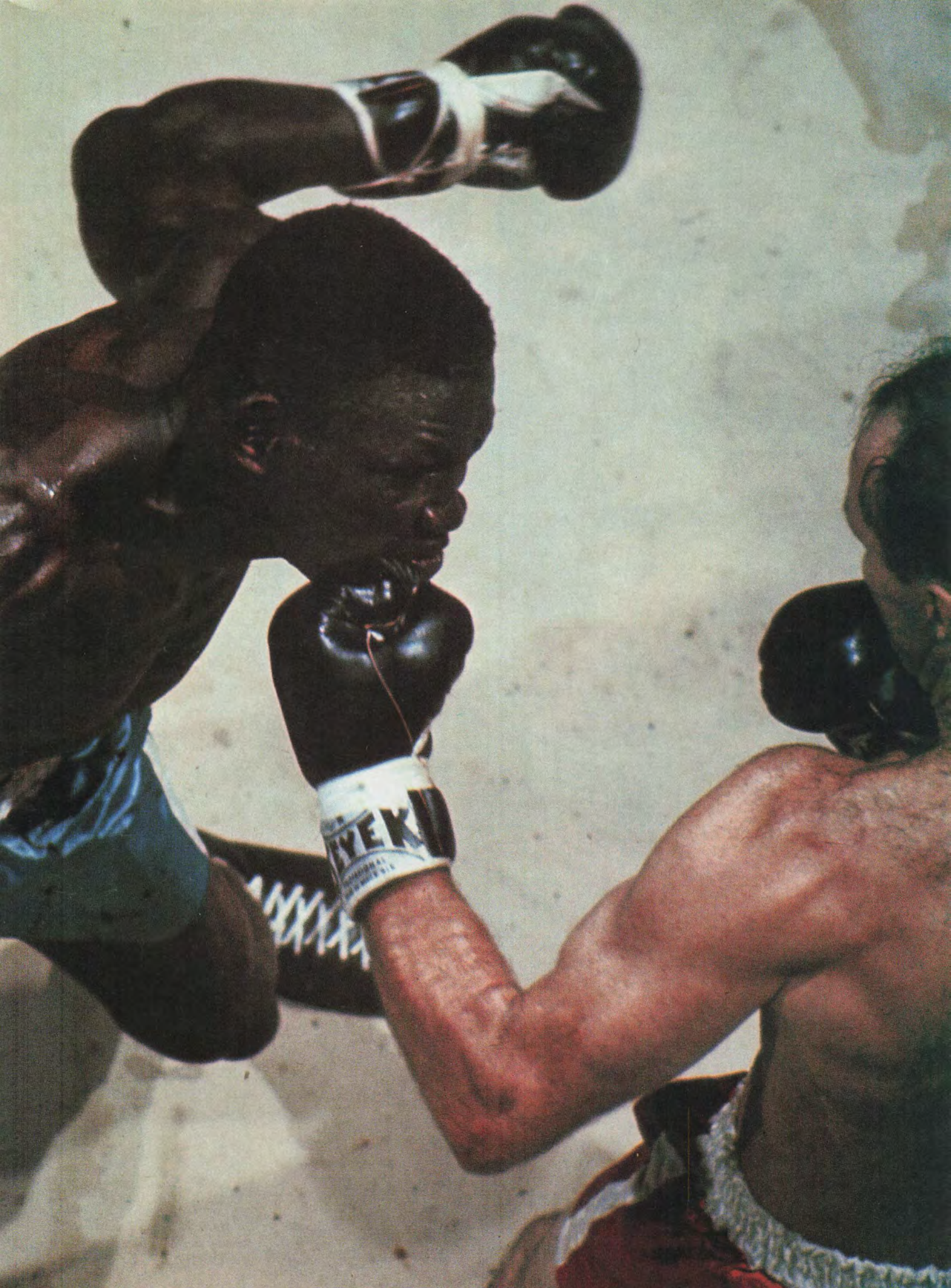
Photograph by
NEIL LEIFER

LAS VEGAS, 1967

Tiger vs. Roger Rouse

In the midst of his reign as light heavyweight champ, Tiger TKO'd Rouse in 12 rounds.

Photograph by
NEIL LEIFER

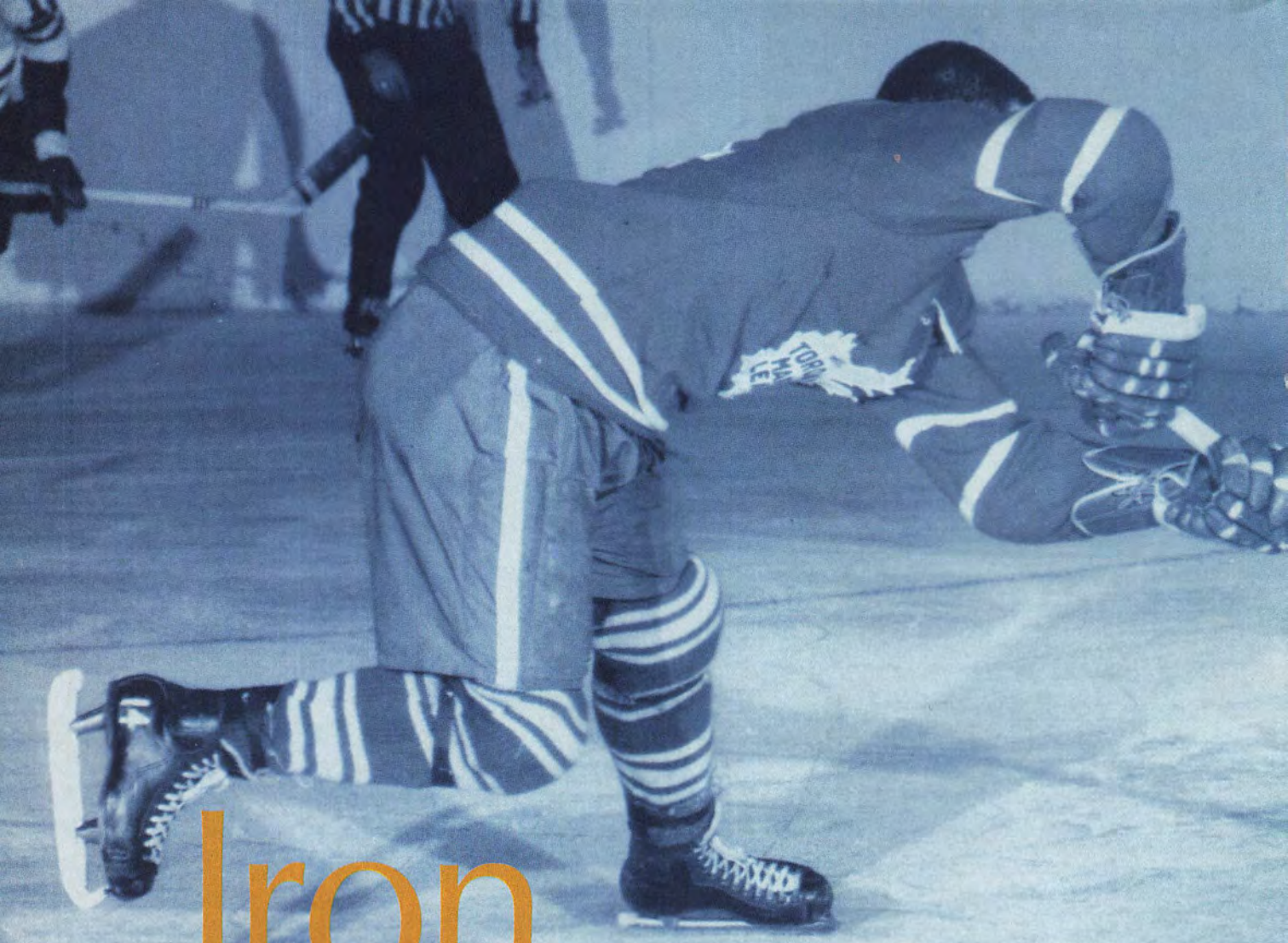


LEWISTON, 1965

Ali vs. Liston

In a postfight review, Ali entertained a coterie that included his manager, Angelo Dundee (white sleeve), and broadcaster Howard Cosell (upper left).

Photograph by
KEN REGAN
CAMERA 5



Iron Man of the Ice

Glenn Hall played 502 consecutive games in goal — perhaps the safest record in all of sports

by E. M. Swift

GLENN HALL watches as the Calgary Flames pepper their goaltenders with shots on the first day of '92 training camp. As the shooters blast away unimpeded, Hall, who has been the Flames' goaltending consultant for nine years, ducks his head involuntarily each time a puck is deflected into the seats, smiling at himself as he does so. But this man, of all men, understands that you can't be too careful around flying rubber.

In 15 of his 18 NHL seasons as a goalie—with the Detroit Red Wings, the Chicago Black Hawks and the St. Louis Blues—Hall played without a mask, and his mug has the scars from some 250 stitches to prove it. "Our first priority was staying alive," Hall says. "Our second was stopping the puck."

Crackkk! A direct 25-foot shot smashes off the face mask of a Flame goalie. It is one of the most terrifying sounds in sports. When it is suggested, foolishly, that a shot like that one might have sidelined him for a couple of weeks, Hall says mildly, "It would've been the end of my practice, that's for sure."

Out for a couple of weeks? Glenn Hall? For more than seven years he wasn't out for even a single game. Hall holds the record of records, a mark we will swear, on the good book of Guinness, won't ever be broken. Between the start of the 1955 season and Nov. 7, 1962, Hall played 502 consecutive complete games in goal. In truth, the number was 551, including the 49 playoff games, which the NHL does not recognize in its tabulations.

Hall was a pioneer of the butterfly style that's common today.

For seven complete seasons—two with Detroit and five with Chicago—the maskless Hall, who became known as Mr. Goalie, never missed a start. To put the inviolability of Hall's streak into perspective, consider that the last goalie to play every minute of every game of even one regular season was the Boston Bruins' Eddie Johnston in 1963–64. Last season Detroit's Tim Cheveldae led all goalies by appearing in 72 of the Red Wings' 80 games. "With teams carrying two goalies now," Hall modestly allows, "I'd have to say it will never be broken."

What particularly distinguishes Hall's iron-man mark was the quality of his play throughout it. In '55–56 he was NHL rookie of the year. In '60–61 he led the Hawks to an unexpected Stanley Cup championship. During those seven seasons Hall was named to the first or second All-Star team six times—a feat made more amazing by the competition. This was the golden era of the goalie (or the "goolie," as Hall was nicknamed). Five future Hall of Famers were manning the nets in the six-team NHL then: Terry Sawchuk, Johnny Bower, Jacques Plante, Gump Worsley and Hall. "You pretty much saw good goaltending every night," Hall says. "That was one of the great things about the old six-team league. You always wanted to force the guy in the other net to play well."

In those days teams traveled with only one netminder. The emergency backup was the equipment manager. Hall, who had grown up the son of a railway worker in Humboldt, Saskatchewan, had spent four seasons in the minors before breaking into the elite circle of NHL goalies, and he had learned to play with the sorts of ailments that might keep a modern player out for who knows how long—pulled groins, bone bruises, influenza. "In the minors, if you sat out a few games, you might lose your job," says Hall. "So you learned to play with pain."

A puck to the face was considered a hazard of the profession, not an excuse to sit out—unless it was that rogue shot to the eye all goalies feared, the one that ended a career. Hall, blessedly, never saw that shot, although once a puck cut him on three sides of the eye socket without injuring the eyeball. Another time Toronto's Jim Pappin hit him with a slap shot that left a 30-stitch gash across both lips and knocked out the only tooth Hall lost in his playing career. "The dentist told me how lucky I was," Hall says. "I said through my swollen lips, 'Ah don' fee' wucky.' "

On another occasion, in junior hockey, a skate blade cut clean through Hall's right cheek, so he could stick his tongue out through the wound. "It must have been hard on the mothers to dress their kids for goal and say, 'Now go have fun,' " Hall says. "But facial injuries were just pain. They didn't restrict your movements. And you forgot about pain once you were in game conditions. I had a reaction to penicillin once after a trip to the dentist, and that almost ended the streak. And the flu would

HOCKEY HALL OF FAME

knock you down a little bit. But everyone played with the flu."

It was Hall's back that finally brought his remarkable record to an end. He leaned over to fasten his toe strap one day in practice and felt the back go out. He tried to play the next night, hoping the adrenaline would kill the pain. But he found he couldn't move and removed himself midway through the first period. He never did find out exactly what ailed him. "When I went to the doctor's office, he told the nurse to bring him an inch-and-a-half needle," Hall recalls. "She could only find one an inch-and-a-quarter. So he stuck it into my back extra hard and wiggled it around until I about fainted. I hated needles, and I hated pain. So I said, 'I'm cured, Doc.' Walked out and never came back." Reenacting his exit, Hall staggers off like a man carrying a canoe.

The public seldom saw this side of Hall, the dry and amusing raconteur. "He kept his humor in the locker room, but he's a very sharp-witted guy," says Al MacNeil, a teammate of Hall's with the Black Hawks and now Calgary's director of hockey operations. "You don't want to start trading barbs with him."

MacNeil should know. Hall still ribs him about the year he outscored MacNeil, a defenseman, two points to one. "But Al had a better second half than I did," says Hall, who got both his points before the All-Star break.

The Glenn Hall that hockey fans remember was a guy so tightly wound that he threw up before most games. "Goaltending was hard on Glenn," says MacNeil. "It was hard on all of them, playing without a mask when a deflection could literally kill you. Any number of times I can remember Glenn bringing it up from his toenails about four minutes before a game, so his eyes would still be watering as we stepped on the ice."

The vomiting, says Hall, was not brought upon by fear or dread. "It was the opposite. I was so excited to go out and play that it made me throw up. I thought of it as a strength. If I weren't up for a game enough to get sick before it, I felt I wouldn't play well. It was no big deal. I could have a glass of water and throw it up while it was still cool. A few years ago I was coaching a young guy who said, 'Gee, how could you toss your cookies before every game? I'm never nervous out there.' I told him, 'Yeah, but aren't you embarrassed that you play so horsebleep and you're not even nervous about it?' That wasn't the answer he was looking for."

JAMES DRAKE

TONY TRIOLO

After toiling for the Black Hawks of Mikita (below) and Hull (above), Hall went to the Blues and finally donned a mask.

NEIL LEIFER

Hall loved the games, and he loved the subtleties of his position. "If you're not thinking three or four or five plays ahead, you're not finding goaltending interesting," Hall says. "And, jeez, it's an interesting position, isn't it?"

Certainly the way Hall played, it was. He pioneered the butterfly style that is routinely used by modern goalies. Instead of splitting to stop the low shot, or sprawling sideways and stacking the pads—which was the common style of his era—Hall dropped to his knees and fanned his feet out in a wide V. There were several advantages to this butterfly technique:

1) Hall was able to use his glove hand to catch almost any shot off the ice and, subsequently, kill the play.

2) Most of the bottom of the net was protected, guarding against a deflection. (When a goalie splits, much of the bottom of the net is vulnerable.)

3) It was an easier position to recover from than either the split or the sprawl.

4) Perhaps most important to Hall, his face was kept farther from the ice. "The butterfly was a move designed to keep the face away from the puck," says Hall. "It was just common sense. But it was only used when the puck was tight in. Today, with the masks, they're butterflying on shots taken all over the ice."

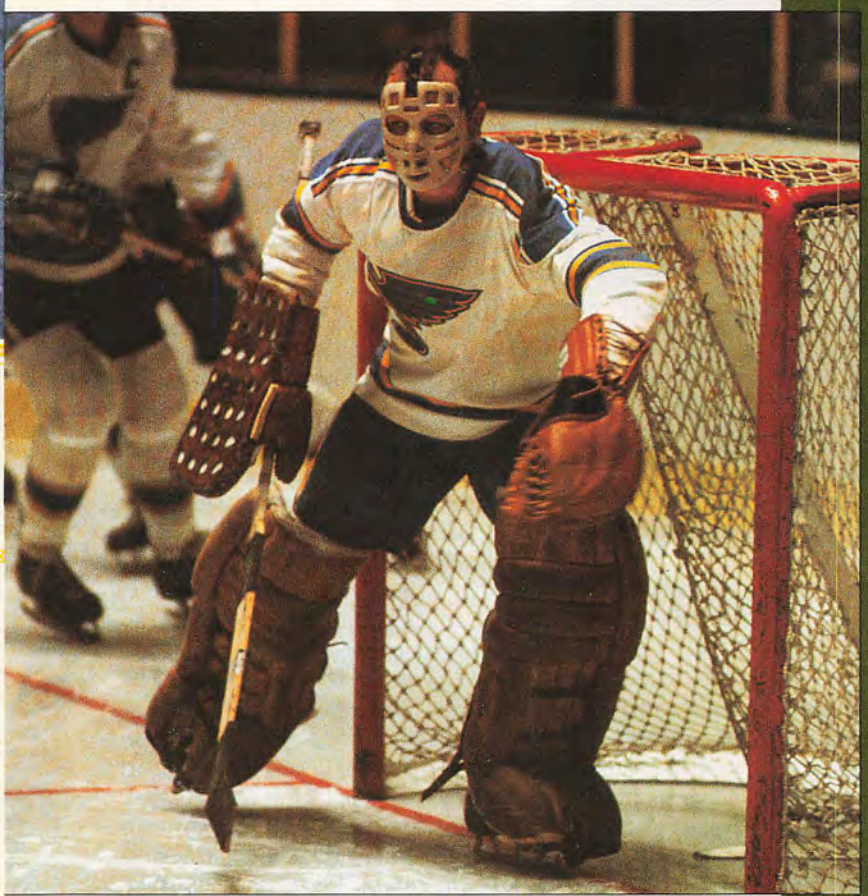
Hall was known as a reflex goalie, one who relied more on quickness of hand and foot than on angles and positioning. Playing most of his career for the run-and-gun Hawks of the Bobby Hull era, he was often left to fend spectacularly for himself. Opponents had no reliable book on how to beat him, except to keep gunning.

Hall appeared to be even quicker than he really was, because of his great anticipation. "There's a very fine line between anticipation and cheating," he likes to say. It is a line he often would tread. He would, for example, leave the left corner open to an opponent, perhaps a tantalizing six inches, then, when the player put his head down to shoot, Hall would slide over and

take that corner away. "Reeling them in," he called it.

Expansion eventually ruined this ruse, however. Hall would give some no-name one side of the net and, when the head went down, move over to cover the corner. Then—*bang!*—the jerk would put a shot right where Hall had been standing, and it would get through his legs. "The guy would raise his stick and think he was a hockey player," Hall says in disgust. "We all had trouble with that at first."

When he was playing, Hall felt he had the best seat in the house. Why on earth should he have wanted to take a night off? He remembers the Canadiens' Maurice Richard for his great backhand shot. The best at tip-ins was, no question, the Rangers' Camille Henry. Hall cites the Red Wings' Alex Delvecchio as having the most deceptive follow-through, which was the same whether Delvecchio was shooting low or high. He remembers the Rangers' Andy Bathgate for his paralyzingly accurate slap shot and the Canadiens' Jean Beliveau and the Red Wings'



Gordie Howe for their ability to adjust: They had no habits that Hall was able to anticipate.

He loved to play. The complexity of goaltending was mother's milk to him. It was the practices Hall hated. Loathed. He can't understand how modern goalies put up with them. "We didn't have these stupid practices they have today," he says, "where they come in and blast pucks at you, one after another. How often does a guy get that kind of time in a season? I counted the shots they took on our goalie one time in practice a couple of years back. It was something like 275. That was more shots than I saw in a month. What's the point? I've always be-

Ten That Won't Tumble

THEY SAID Bob Beamon's long jump record would never be broken, and look what happened. They said Lou Gehrig's consecutive-game streak would never be threatened, and look what Cal Ripken is doing. Which leaves one to query whether any sports record is truly inviolable. Our answer is yes, and we offer these 10 achievements as evidence, listed in order of unbreakability.

1) Glenn Hall's 502 consecutive complete games in goal (1955–62). It has been nearly 30 years since any goalie played every game in even one season. Enough said.

2) Ty Cobb's .367 career batting average (1905–28). Unimpeachable. The closest contender in recent times? Wade Boggs (career average: .338), who, by hitting .259 this season, suggested that Cobb can rest in peace.

3) Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak (1941). Yes, Pete Rose got close, sort of, with 44. But modern media madness alone assures that no man will eclipse the Yankee Clipper.

4) The Boston Celtics' eight straight NBA championships (1959–66). Consider this: There have been as many three-peat champions in the NBA since 1966 as there have been three-peat presidents in the U.S. since '66. Eight-peat? Octo-peat? *Huit*-peat? Forget it.

5) Wilt Chamberlain's 100 points in a game (1962). Although it might rank as the most imposing record in sports history, who today would want it? When Michael Jordan scores 50, the game is promptly branded a badly balanced effort by the Bulls.

6) UCLA's seven straight NCAA basketball championships (1967–73). Since '73, only Duke (in 1991 and '92) has been able to wear the crown two seasons in a row.

7) The Los Angeles Lakers' 33-game winning streak (1971–72). Given that no team has won more than 18 consecutive games since 1972, we would argue that even the Dream Team could not match this feat.

8) Jack Nicklaus's 20 major golf championships (1959–1992). Bobby Jones, with 12 majors, remains a distant second. The record would appear particularly safe in today's egalitarian golf world in which Nick Faldo is the only current player under age 40 to have have won even four majors.

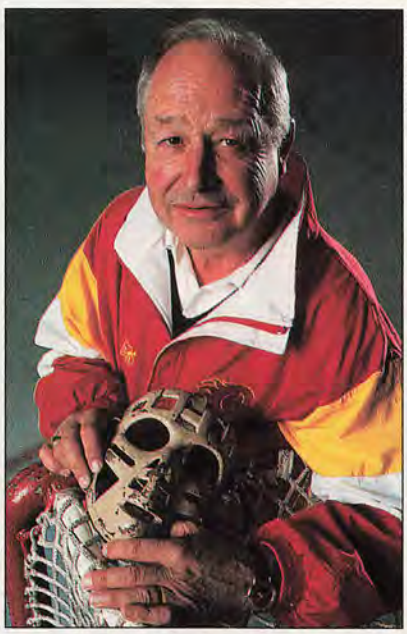
9) Rocky Marciano's 49–0 heavyweight record (1947–55). Evander Holyfield is the closest challenger, with a 28–0 record. Extrapolating from his fight schedule over the last two years, Holyfield would surpass the Brockton Blockbuster's record in May 2003, at age 40. Any bets?

10) Roger Maris's 61 home runs in a season (1961). In 1995 this record turns 34, the same age Babe Ruth's record was when Maris broke it. Between 1927 and '61, nine players hit 50 or more homers in a season. Since 1961 only three players have hit at least 50. If you trust trends, you can trust that Maris's mark is safe.

lieved if a forward can play every night, so can a goalie. But not if you practice like that. I know the greatest thing for me was a day off from practice. Once in a while the coach would ask if I could use one, and I had a standard two-word answer: 'Of course.' That's frowned on today. Coaches think you're not working hard enough if you take a day off."

For much of his career, Hall had to practice day after day against the likes of teammates Hull and Stan Mikita, who in the mid-'60s were among the first to use the curved stick. "Practices were sheer terror," recalls MacNeil. "Bobby had the hammer out all the time, and he had no compunction about trying to put it right through a guy's stomach. He just loved to hit guys with the puck."

"Stan and Bobby used the hook as a form of intimidation," says Hall. "There was no limit to the curve then, and they'd kind of cut their shot so it'd dip two feet on you. We weren't used to it, and we didn't like it."



DAVID E. KLUTHO

For a mug that took 250 stitches before it was masked, Hall's looks pristine.

Hull would have contests during practice with his brother and teammate Dennis to see who could shoot pucks highest into the seats of Chicago Stadium. But what was most unnerving to Hall, who was still maskless at that point in his career, was a ritual that began during pregame warm-ups. "The goal judge in Chicago Stadium always held a soft drink in his hand," says Hall, "and Stan and Bobby would deliberately shoot the puck off the glass in front of him to see him jump and spill the drink on himself. They thought that was funny as hell. The problem was that first it had to come over my shoulder."

Those Hull-Mikita-Hall-led Hawks were a thrilling team to watch, but despite their great talent, they only won the one Stanley Cup, in 1961. Hall believes that the Black Hawks' penchant for the offensive game—and a lust for goal scoring—may have been a factor. "They sacrificed passing the puck for the shot," he says. "Bobby just loved to shoot the puck more than anything."

"Those Hawk teams never paid much attention to defense," says Scotty Bowman, who coached Hall for four seasons with the St. Louis Blues. "One year Glenn was leading the race for the Vezina Trophy [which in those years went to the goalie who allowed the fewest goals against] by six goals with two games left in the season, and on the plane trip to Toronto all the Black Hawks were talking about was how many goals they needed to make their bonuses. Glenn never said a thing, which he wouldn't, knowing him. So Chicago ends up getting in a couple of shoot-outs, and Glenn lost the Vezina on the last day of the season. It tells you how well Glenn had to have played all season to even have been close."

The Hawks left Hall unprotected when the league doubled in size in 1967. A 10-time All-Star at age 35, Hall was making just $35,000 a year, and he had announced his intention to retire. But when the Blues drafted him, they were able to lure him back to the NHL with a raise to $47,500. Hall rewarded the expansion club by helping them get to the Stanley Cup finals three years in a row. He also finally began wearing a face mask. "Age, common sense," Hall explains. "You were looking at more deflections and screen shots. The players would tell me, you're crazy not to wear a mask, and basically you knew you were. But it wasn't like you put it on and felt invincible. We didn't have that much confidence in them."

The primitive mask certainly didn't diminish Hall's play. In 1968 he won the Conn Smythe Trophy as most valuable player in the playoffs; the next season, at 37, Hall and 41-year-old Jacques Plante shared the Vezina Trophy, combining for a 2.07 goals-against average. When Hall retired, in 1971, he had 84 shutouts (third-most in NHL history) and a lifetime goals-against average of 2.51.

Since that time, goals per game averages have soared, and the question remains: Has modern goaltending somehow gotten worse? Are the shooters that much better? Or is it a combination of both?

Hall, for one, doesn't feel today's goalies should be blamed. He has seen the entire league shift the emphasis to more offense, playing like his old run-and-gun Hawks. Certainly more players today shoot the puck well than their predecessors did 25 years ago, and, with 24 teams, it is impossible for goalies to get a book on the strengths of every shooter, as Hall was able to do.

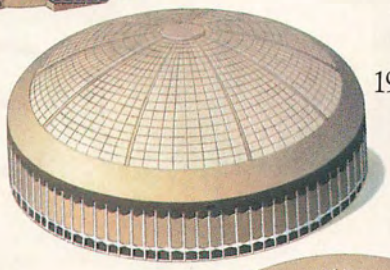
He has noticed, however, that more of today's goalies tend to throw themselves at the puck than they did in his day. "Someone came along with the phrase, 'Challenge the shooter,' " moans Hall. "I cry when I hear that. The whole game today is designed on getting the goalie out of position. That's why I preach recovery, recovery, recovery. I'd love to be playing now. I could move. I could get there. I was a good skater, which is the most important element of goaltending."

The 61-year-old Hall now assumes a familiar crouch, unforgettable to those who regularly watched him play. His knees are bent with his legs swaying back and forth like sea grass. His head protrudes so that it is in front of his hands, a little like a turtle with its neck out. He is fluid, relaxed, poised on the balls of his feet and ready to spring. Without equipment, without even ice, Hall is still the consummate goalie. No one has ever floated up and down, in and out of the crease, with quite his style.

"That's why I don't like the idea of alternating two goalies," Hall says. "When you get on a roll, you're moving with confidence, smooth and easy. When you're not confident, when you haven't played, you're jerky. And if you're moving jerky, you're looking at double figures.

"You know, today's goalies work harder in practice than we ever did," Hall says. "But I see a complacency—a lot of guys just happy being in the NHL. I'll never understand that complacency. Scotty Bowman used to say, just because you signed an NHL contract, doesn't mean you're a National Leaguer. That's the way I felt. God, I'd have hated to be an average goalie." ✶

1960.



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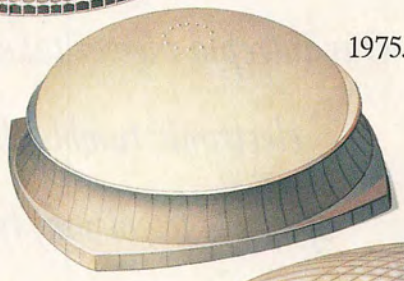

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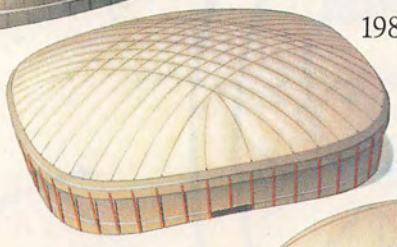

1982.

1989.

1992.

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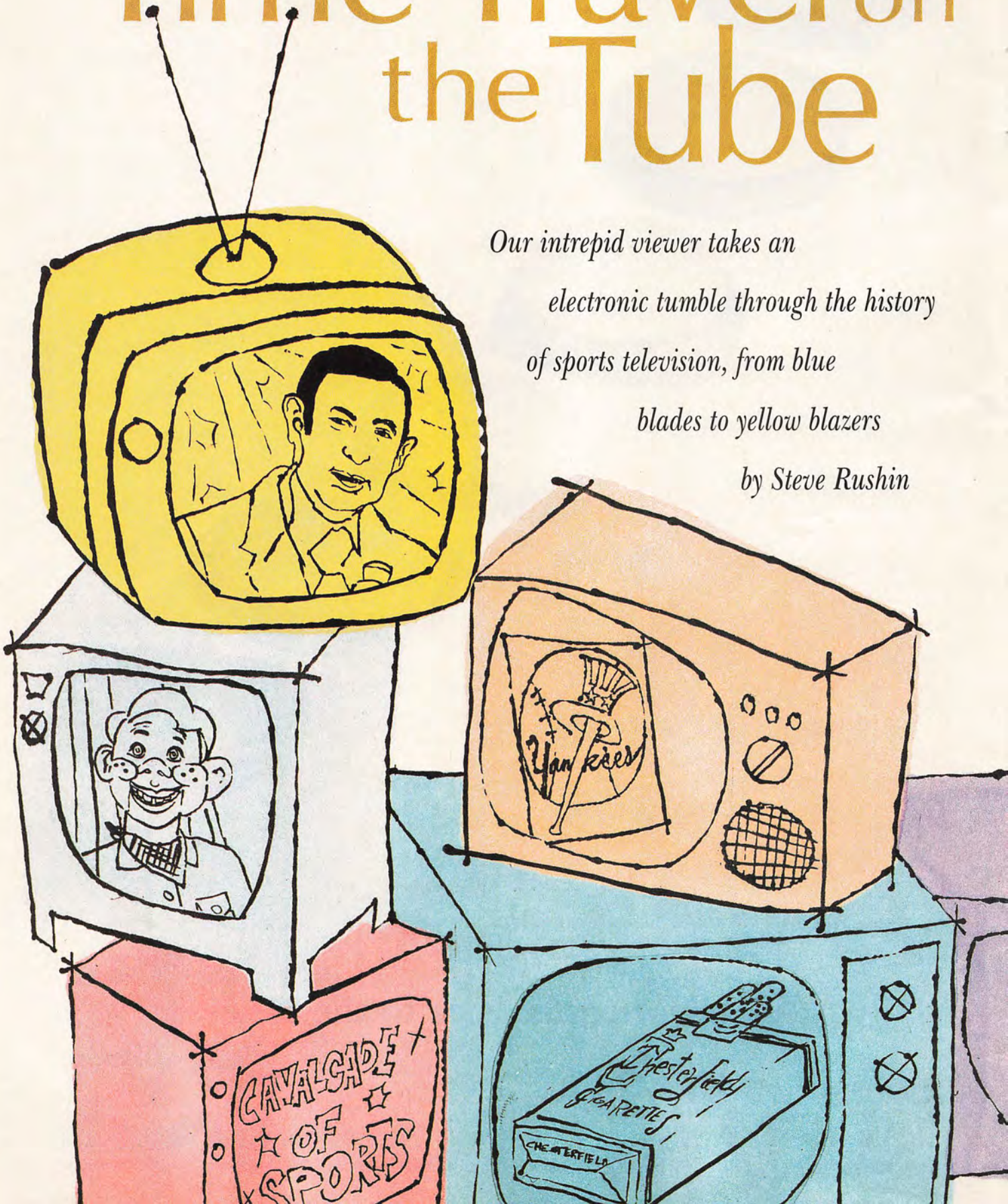
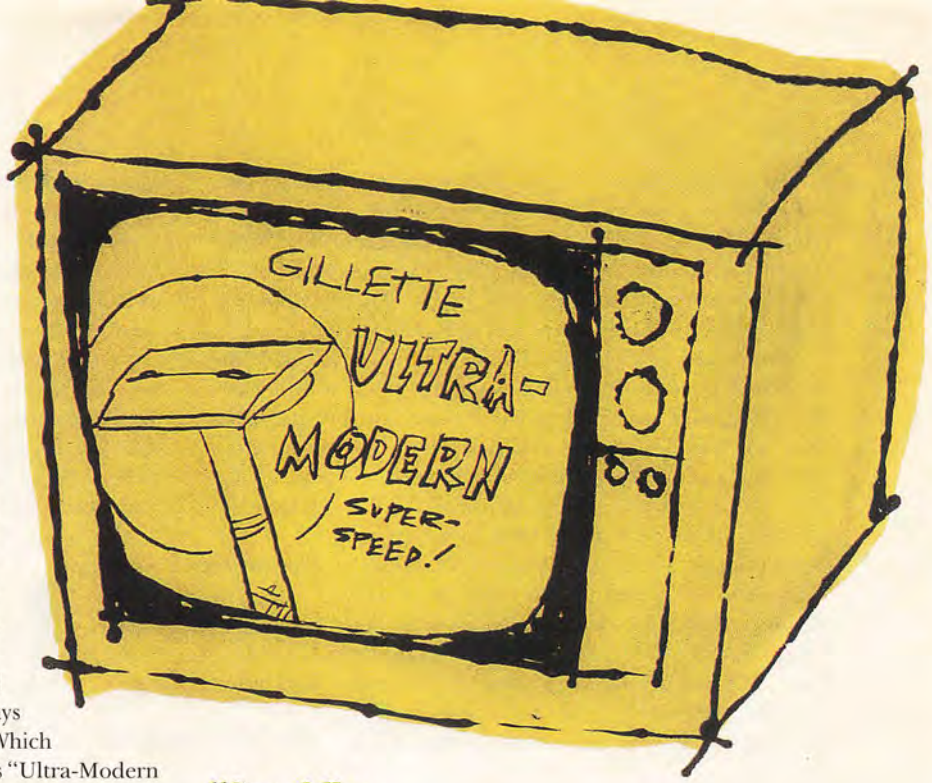
Time Travel on the Tube

Our intrepid viewer takes an electronic tumble through the history of sports television, from blue blades to yellow blazers

by Steve Rushin





I WOULD have liked to have liked Ike, watched *Bilko* on a Philco, seen the U.S.A. in a Chevrolet, spent Friday night at the fights, smoked a Chesterfield at Ebbets Field . . . but I was born at the wrong time.

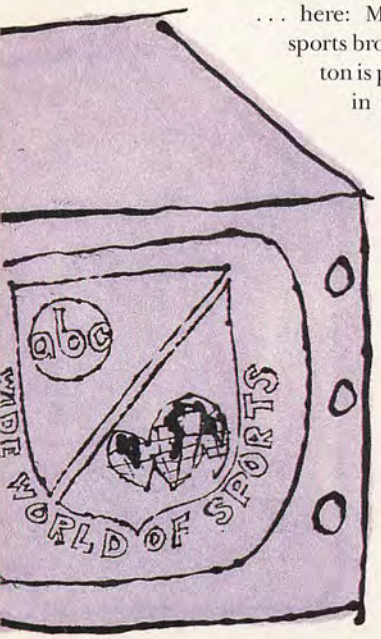
I would have loved to have loved Lucy, rocked around the clock, had a "Ballantine Blast" somewhere in my past . . . but I got robbed, like Gionfriddo robbed DiMaggio. Born at the wrong time.

My time should have been Howdy Doody Time, but I was not even a gleam in the logo eye of CBS when television was in its Wonder years. I should have been a little shaver when the Gillette Safety Razor Company came "*on . . . the . . . air!*" with its *Cavalcade of Sports*. The first major sponsor of sports on television, Gillette filled the gaps during baseball games and football games and Friday night fights as Mays must have filled the gaps at the Polo Grounds. Which is to say with pizzazz, as the company pitched its "Ultra-Modern Gillette Super-Speed razors with Blue-Blade dispenser and attractive Styrene travel case."

Ultra-Modern! Super-Speed! Blue-Blade! Styrene! Like television itself, everything was Ultra-New, Super-New, Brand-Spanking, Space-Age-Polymer New in the 1950s. Everything but me.

When at last I *was* a little shaver, in the 1970s, TV was wildly whiskered and the centerfielder *du jour* was not DiMaggio of the Yankees nor the Duke of Flatbush nor Mays of the Giants but Fred Lynn of the Boston Red Sox. He appeared in a shaving-related commercial of his own: Flanked by winking Baseball Annies in half shirts, his face bookended by sideburns like shag-carpet samples, Lynn sang, "There's something about an Aqua Velva man."

By the time Lynn's commercials for Aqua Velva and Jovan Musk were airing in 1976, the lamp of good taste had long since been extinguished on television; the path of programming and advertising was now lit, instead, by the lava lamp of excess that burns to this day, reflected in the one good eye of Dick Vitale.



For the love of Man, how did we get there from . . . here: May 17, 1939—the first television sports broadcast in the United States. Princeton is playing at Columbia for fourth place in the Ivy League baseball standings, as announcer Bill Stern informs his viewing audience on experimental station W2XBS in New York City, where there are fewer than 400 television sets in existence. There is one camera, and it is fixed: When the ball leaves the infield, it also leaves the screen, leaving the audience to use its imagination until such time as the ball returns to the diamond. Afterward, home viewers describe the players as "white flies" on the screen.

Soon enough, though, black-and-white television achieves clarity, and remains as simple and unambiguous as . . . as black and white. The game is the thing. For green grass and blue skies there is Red Barber. When the Brooklyn Dodger announcer calls Game 7 of the 1952 World Series for Gillette's *Cavalcade*, he is not hostage to a camera but quite the opposite: Barber tells the panning camera where to look. In trying to locate the Yankee owners' box at Ebbets Field, the Redhead instructs the cameraman over the air, "Over, over, down and to the left, there." He sounds like a man having his back scratched, and his listeners are similarly soothed, for Barber's voice is a southerly breeze in the brick-oven Brooklyn of early autumn.

"Say, fellas, that reminds the Ol' Redhead," Barber said to his audience during a broadcast of the '52 World Series, "How're ya fixed for blades?"

I know, because in the early New York City autumn of 1992, I watched this telecast of Game 7 of the 1952 World Series. In fact, for days I randomly channel-surfed through a whole sea of sports television history, spending much of the time at the Museum of Television & Radio in Manhattan. It is a wonderful repository of broadcast archives and curiosa where a celluloid Alan Ameche will never age, like Don Ameche in *Cocoon*. In the darkness and warmth of a third-floor videotape viewing room—you could grow mushrooms in this place—I traveled through time. In an attractive Styrene travel case.

Flip, and here is Game 7 of the '52 Series, Yankees versus Dodgers, Eddie Lopat versus Joe Black, at Ebbets Field. Few saw this broadcast—there were maybe 12 million TV sets in America by 1952—and it is a shame. Three minutes into his pregame show, Mel Allen is reading forest-fire prevention tips. (A tree grows in Brooklyn, yes, Mel, but doesn't a brushfire seem rather unlikely?) Gladys Goodding sings the national anthem, accom-

Illustrations by Jeff Fulvimari

panied by herself on the organ. Allen turns the broadcast over to Barber. Everyone in the stands wears a hat. Jockey Johnny Longden does a Gillette commercial. Dodger owner Walter O'Malley sits behind bunting, smoking a cigar. On behalf of Gillette, Gene Hermanski, outfielder for the Chicago Cubs, implores viewers to "Look Sharp, Feel Sharp, Be Sharp."

"Folks," Barber soon reminds his amnesiac audience, "the Gillette Safety Razor Company is mighty happy to bring you this game, and say, fellas, that reminds the Ol' Redhead: How're ya fixed for blades?" Cue the cartoon parrot, who sings: *"How're ya fixed for blades? Please be sure you haaave enough, 'cause a worn out blade makes shavin' mighty tough. . . ."* Mickey Mantle hits a home run over the Schaefer Beer sign in rightfield in the sixth to give the Yankees a 3–2 lead. "This series will go down as one of the greatest of all time," gushes Allen, who has returned to the mike. "It will go down as the Battle of the Home Run." Black is then lifted for Preacher Roe and . . . the tape runs out. If anyone knows who won the 1952 World Series, please write in care of this magazine.

The world grew wide enough to include a deep canyon plunge and a Great Wall shot.

No matter. *Flip*, and I am watching the Harlem Globetrotters play a full-court game of five-on-five on *The Steve Allen Show* in 1957. The Trotters' opponents: a slick-haired and uniformed quintet of Allen, Tom Poston, Skitch Henderson, Lou Costello and Don Knotts—a Dream Team in Brylcreem.

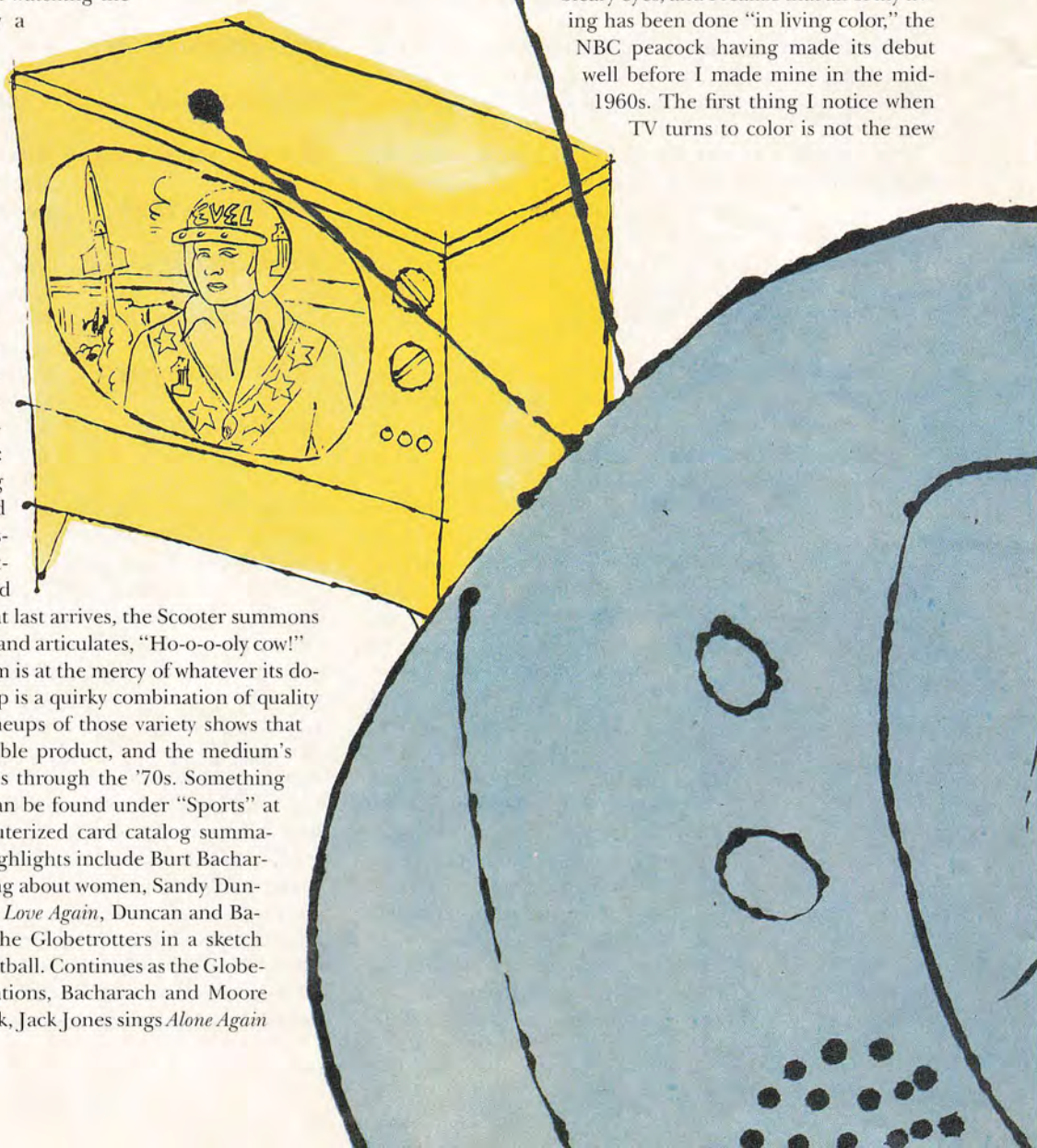
My flipping evokes the expected memorable moments—Al Michaels asking, "Do you believe in miracles? *Yes!*"—and the unexpected Maalox moments: Phil Rizzuto, broadcasting for the Yankees in 1961, had weeks to prepare for the possibility of Roger Maris hitting his 61st home run, and when the historic occasion at last arrives, the Scooter summons up all of his oratorical skills and articulates, "Ho-o-o-oly cow!"

The broadcasting museum is at the mercy of whatever its donors donate. Thus, its lineup is a quirky combination of quality and crap, much like the lineups of those variety shows that were television's most durable product, and the medium's only constant, from the '50s through the '70s. Something called *Burt Bacharach '74* can be found under "Sports" at the museum, whose computerized card catalog summarizes the special thusly: "Highlights include Burt Bacharach and Roger Moore talking about women, Sandy Duncan singing *I'll Never Fall in Love Again*, Duncan and Bacharach in the park, and the Globetrotters in a sketch about the invention of basketball. Continues as the Globetrotters imitate the Temptations, Bacharach and Moore portray two bums in the park, Jack Jones sings *Alone Again Naturally*, and the ensemble sings a medley of Bacharach hits. Closes with a musical tribute to George Gershwin."

Flip. Exactly seven days after the assassination of President Kennedy, Cassius Clay recites poetry on *The Jack Paar Program* while Liberace accompanies him on the piano.

Former New York *Daily News* sportswriter Ed Sullivan first turned the spigot that brought a stream of sports stars to television talk shows. *Flip*. Sept. 30, 1962: Newly crowned heavyweight champion Sonny Liston, seated in the audience, is introduced at the start of Sullivan's *shew*; next, onstage, come the Harvest Moon Ball Dancers, followed by a man lying on his back while simultaneously juggling and spinning a piano on his feet; then Ed makes more special introductions: Mantle and Whitey Ford . . . *Flip*. Jan. 6, 1957: Sullivan welcomes newly retired Jackie Robinson, newly defeated Sugar Ray Robinson, Don Budge and . . . Elvis. *Flip*. Dec. 3, 1961: Sullivan's guests are members of the All-America football team, Zippy the Ape, and Maurice Chevalier.

Flip. I see my life passing before my bleary eyes, and I realize that all of my living has been done "in living color," the NBC peacock having made its debut well before I made mine in the mid-1960s. The first thing I notice when TV turns to color is not the new

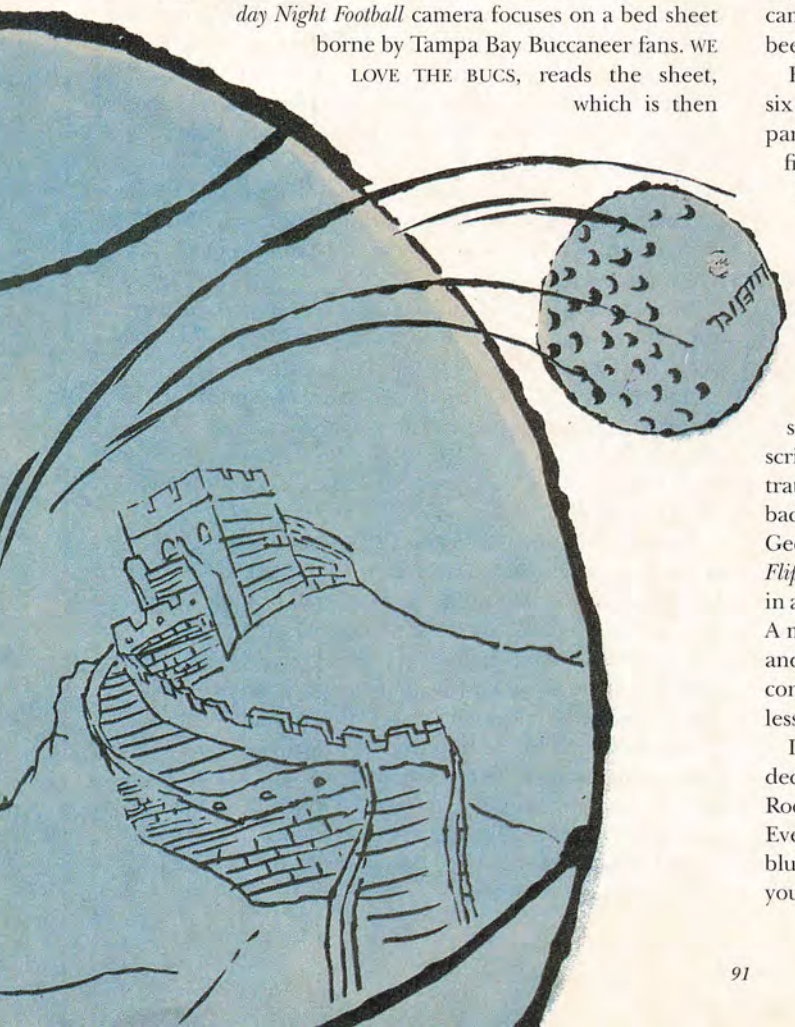


palette of the playing field but the Crayola blazers in the broadcast booth: Hideous tartans, Kermit-the-Frog greens, robin's-egg blues, and the canary-yellow jackets of ABC Sports. Someone skinned a pool table to make the sport coat Curt Gowdy wears while announcing Super Bowl III; a pocket square like a burgundy silk bedsheet billows from the breast pocket of his green baize blazer.

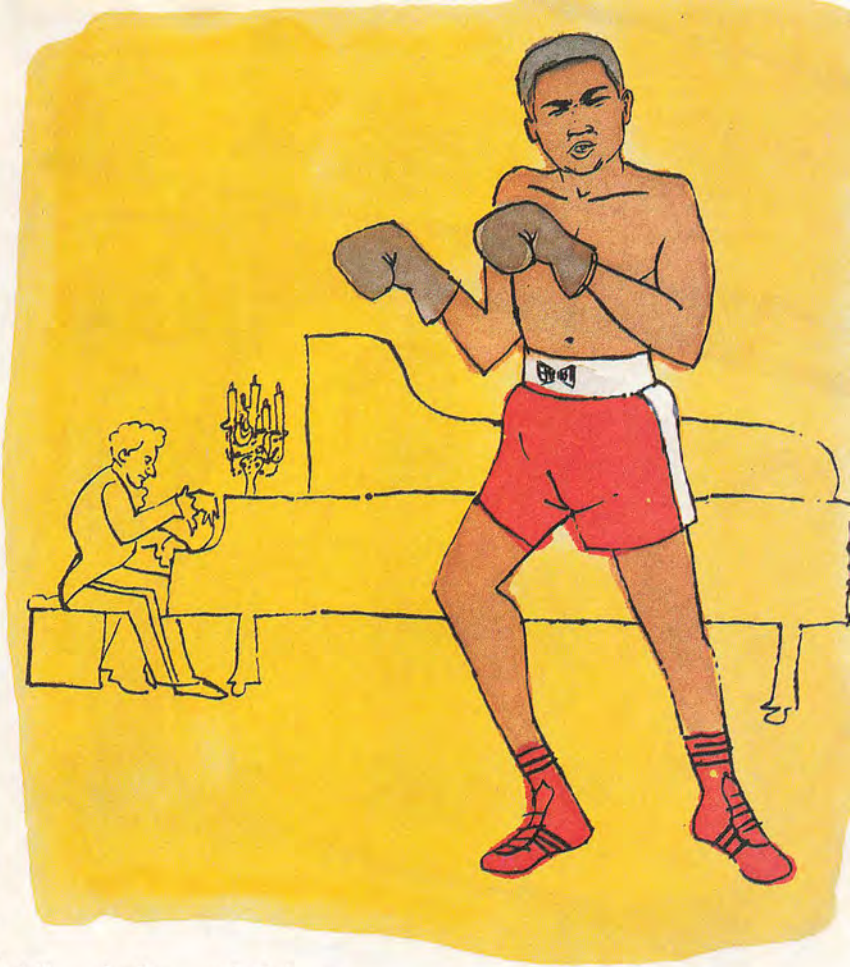
On "The Jack Paar Program," Cassius Clay recited poetry to the music of Liberace.

Flip. I have dialed up Jim McKay, who is wearing one of ABC's Tweety-Bird blazers on a 1970 episode of *Wide World of Sports*. Yugoslav forklift-operator Vinko Bogataj has dutifully veered off a ski jump in Oberstdorf, Germany, like a human gutter ball; a disembodied voice has intoned, *"Spanning the globe to bring you the constant variety of sport, the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat—the human drama of athletic competition"*; and suddenly here it is, the human drama of athletic competition: McKay hitting a golf ball over the Great Wall of China. (White stakes are out, Great Wall is in.)

Howard Cosell is another who is always wearing that Dole-banana blazer. *Flip.* Here he is in Kingston, Jamaica—suddenly hysterical as George Foreman knocks down Joe Frazier in their 1973 heavyweight bout—shrieking, "Down goes Fraziuh! Down goes Fraziuh! Down goes Fraziuh!"



Flip. Now Cosell sits in rare and doleful silence as a *Monday Night Football* camera focuses on a bed sheet borne by Tampa Bay Buccaneer fans. WE LOVE THE BUCS, reads the sheet, which is then further unfurled to rhymingly reveal . . . HOWIE SUCKS!" The camera jerks away. The age of living color, it seems, has often been more off-color than colorful.

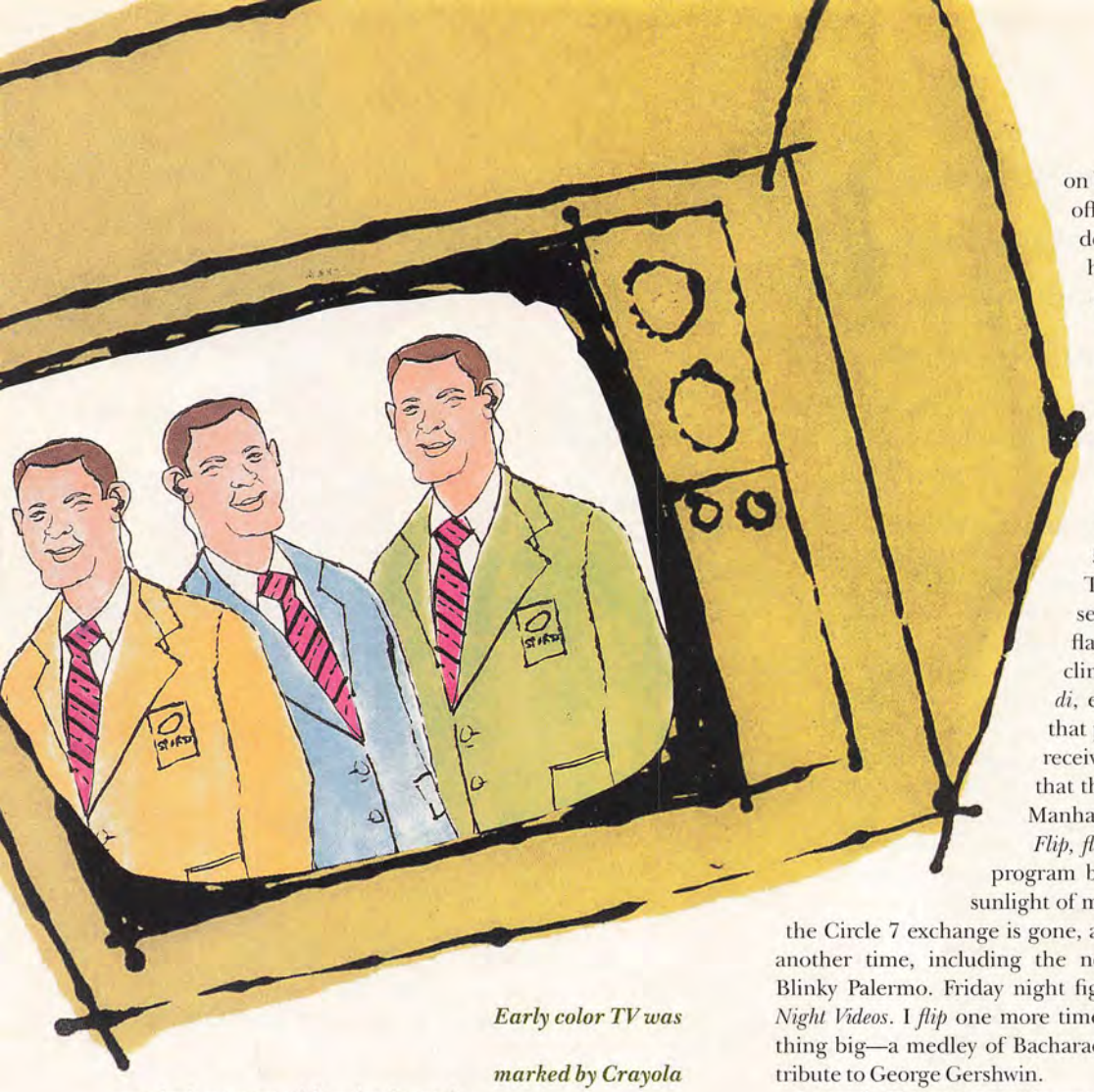


Here's colorful: When ABC threw in the towel in 1959 after six years of broadcasting the *Wednesday Night Fights*, it did so in part because the fight game had become rotten to the core, fixed, according to the Oct. 1, 1959, *New York Post*, by "four known hoodlums, including the notorious Frankie Carbo and Blinky Palermo."

Born at the wrong time. I want to wear a fedora with a press card in the hatband and roll out that sentence fragment for the *Post* on a clacketing Royal: . . . *four known hoodlums, including the notorious Frankie Carbo and Blinky Palermo.* . . . Born at the wrong time.

Flip, and familiar images from my childhood flicker onscreen. Brent Musburger is earnestly and breathlessly describing how competitors in refrigerator-racing must concentrate most of the weight of a Frigidaire "on the small of the back." *Flip.* Decathletes Oleg Cassini and Tim Conway and George Hamilton are competing on *Battle of the Network Stars*. *Flip.* Here is *Battle of the Network Stars* being parodied famously in a *Second City Television* sketch called "Battle of the PBS Stars": A mock Fred Rogers and Julia Child square off in a prizefight, and as Mr. Rogers pummels The French Chef, a disgusted, disconsolate Cosell announces, "He is beating the woman senseless with a puppet. . . ."

I am being swept under in a '70s vortex, awash in images of a decade in which the only contribution to sports television was Rockin' Rollen's introduction of the rainbow fright wig. *Flip.* Evel Knievel and his rocket ship are plunging red, white and blue into the Snake River Canyon when, mercifully—*flip*—a young Walter Cronkite appears in black and white wearing a



Early color TV was marked by Crayola blazers in the broadcast booth.

comical sweater with a horizontal, zigzag, Charlie Brown pattern happening on it. He is hosting the 1960 Winter Olympics, for which CBS has paid a staggering $50,000 rights fee.

Jim McKay hosts that year's Summer Games from Manhattan, though the Games are held in Rome. He says things like "The videotape of today's great race has just arrived at Idlewild Airport here in New York. Let's try to switch now to our mobile unit at Idlewild. . . ." You probably don't remember McKay as Jim McManus, because he changed his name when CBS hired him to host a show called *The Real McKay*. Less than a year after the Rome Olympics, ABC introduces McKay as host of the new *Wide World*, which in the next three decades will bring America cliff diving in Acapulco, the Las Vegas "Helldorado" Rodeo, the Ladies Demolition Derby from Islip, Long Island, and Fabulous Magicians Basketball from Muskogee, Okla. And who could forget, on a December Saturday in 1962, the *Wide World* broadcast of the first half of the Grey Cup Canadian Football League championship, which is followed one week later by the *second* half of the Grey Cup Canadian Football League championship? (The marching band is near exhaustion.)

In 1963, CBS introduces instant replay, which—upon further review—will prove to be more trouble than it's worth. In 1964 the Friday night fights are stopped. And in January 1967 the Super Bowl debuts, ushering in the era of bad taste and excess that will endure for decades. Excess? Super Bowl I is televised on both NBC and CBS. The kickoff that opens the second half does not count, because NBC hasn't returned in time from a commercial. Thus, there is a "do-over" for the sake of TV. This is not a good sign.

Two years later, of course, on Nov. 17, 1968, NBC switches to *Heidi* at 7 p.m. Eastern as the Oakland Raiders trail the New York Jets by three points with 50 seconds left in their game. The Raiders score twice in nine seconds to win 43–32, and NBC flashes the final score during the climactic wheelchair scene of *Heidi*, effectively ruining the end of that program as well. The network receives so many calls of complaint that the entire Circle 7 exchange in Manhattan is paralyzed.

Flip, flip, flip. I search for one more program before I go blinking into the sunlight of modern-day Manhattan, where the Circle 7 exchange is gone, as are countless other relics of another time, including the notorious Frankie Carbo and Blinky Palermo. Friday night fights have given way to *Friday Night Videos*. I *flip* one more time, hoping to close with something big—a medley of Bacharach hits, perhaps, or a musical tribute to George Gershwin.

Instead, Tommy Lasorda appears singing *Strangers in the Night* on the stage of *The Mike Douglas Show* of May 29, 1979. I have spiraled as deeply into the '70s vortex as one can. Tony Orlando, sans Dawn, is co-hosting the show and asking the question of the day: Should women reporters be allowed in the locker room (which the hopelessly show-biz Orlando refers to as the "dressing room")?

"Women shouldn't *want* to be in a locker room where players are undressing and taking showers," says Lasorda, who is wearing a navy-blue kite in place of a necktie.

"I'm curious," asks Orlando, with a furrowed brow, "if Chris Everett [sic] has male reporters in *her* dressing room?" Enter another guest, Steve Garvey, who begins his response, "There are times when you may be in some state of undress. . . ." Which is when I black out.

Too bad, since there is so much that I have missed. I did not get to see, for instance, David Letterman read the "Top Ten Least Popular Exhibits at the Baseball Hall of Fame." ("Number four: Steve Garvey's bed and on-deck circle.")

Nor did I get to see the 1958 special *Dancing—a Man's Game*, featuring Gene Kelly, Mickey Mantle and Johnny Unitas. Nor did I watch the documentary on professional wrestling, in which, according to the museum's description, "Host Clifton Jolley explores the myth that wrestling is fake." Nor did I enjoy the CBS year-end special from 1963, in which Dean Rusk plays badminton against Nikita Khrushchev. Nor did I. . . .

Dean Rusk plays badminton against Nikita Khrushchev? Sigh.

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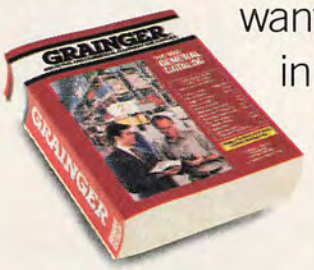

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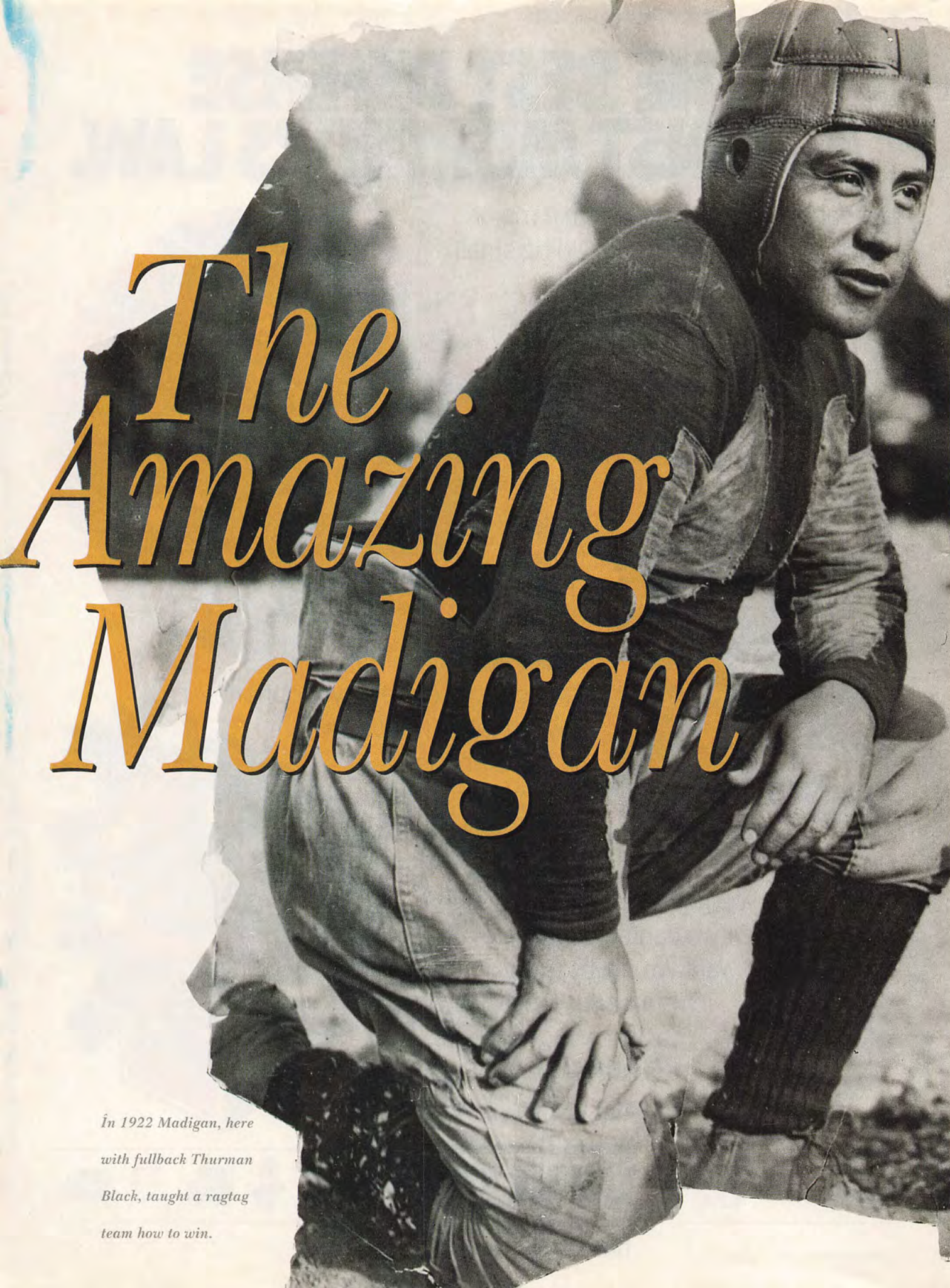
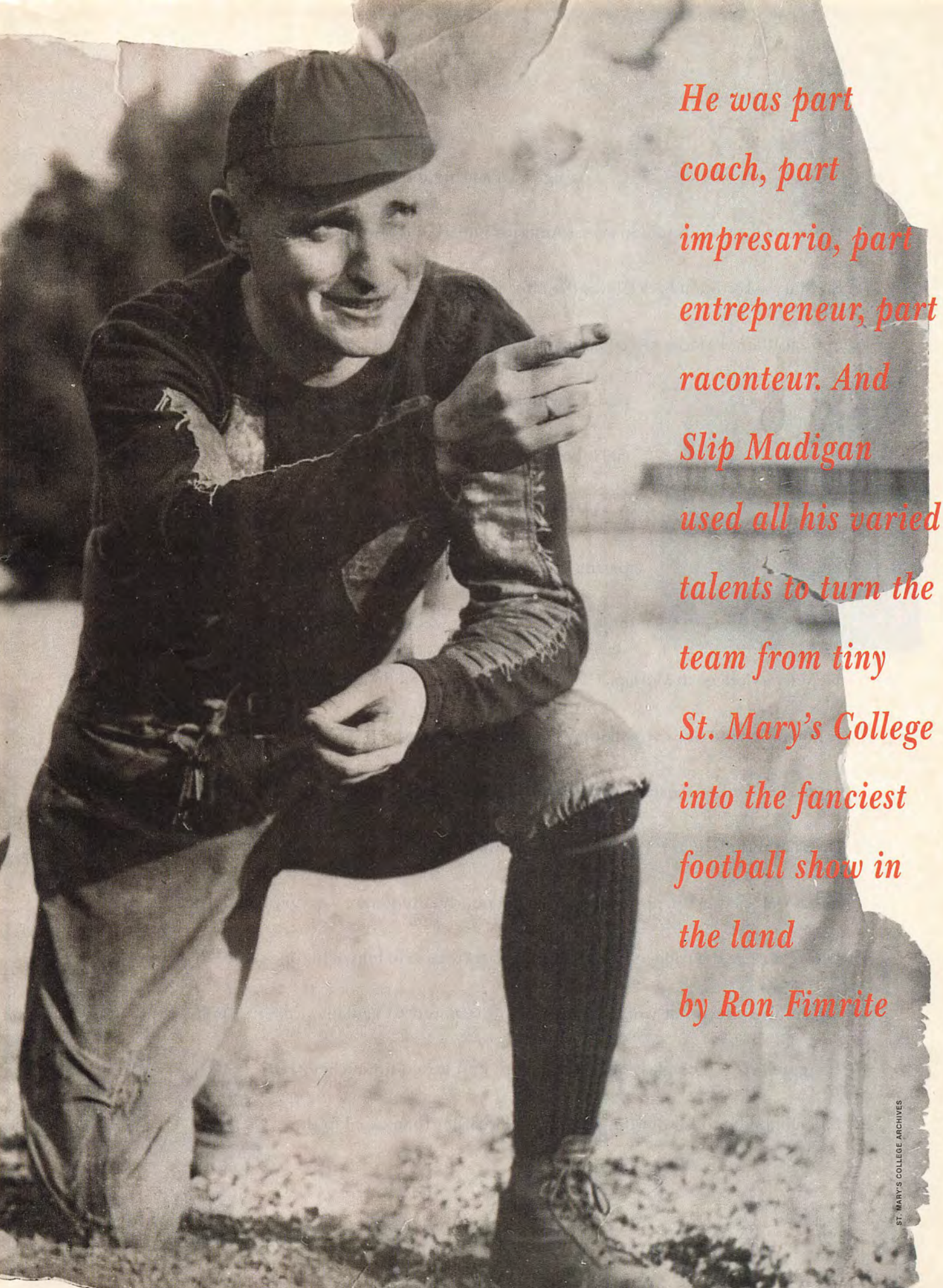
The Amazing Madigan



In 1922 Madigan, here with fullback Thurman Black, taught a ragtag team how to win.



He was part coach, part impresario, part entrepreneur, part raconteur. And Slip Madigan used all his varied talents to turn the team from tiny St. Mary's College into the fanciest football show in the land

by Ron Fimrite

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE ARCHIVES

Slip

Madigan sat staring moodily out the window at the fleeing countryside as his train rumbled across America's heartland toward New York City. The Slip Madigan St. Mary's–Fordham Special was the affectionate name of this transcontinental party on rails, an annual affair of Madigan's creation that had become the stuff of legend. It was an early evening in

mid-November 1939, an hour when Slip would ordinarily be in full social bloom, traipsing through the cars glad-handing his fellow football travelers or stopping by to trade jokes in Joe Millett's private compartment, where the revelry continued without cessation day and night. Madigan was 44 and coach for the 19th season at little St. Mary's College in Moraga, Calif., a school he had single-handedly transformed from an athletic nonentity into one of the nation's ranking football powers and the reigning Cotton Bowl champions. Revered as a coach, he was equally famous as a personality, a wild Irishman who thrived in a circus atmosphere, the P.T. Barnum of football. But Slip was feeling rotten this night. His ulcers were acting up, his team was playing poorly, attendance was down, and a new board of athletic control at the college was attempting to further strip him of his once absolute powers, harassing him to the point where he was being required to actually account for his expenditures. Imagine! The glass of Scotch before him rested untouched. He had climbed into his powder-blue pajamas earlier than usual in the

JAMES PEREZ (2, LEFT); ST. MARY'S COLLEGE ARCHIVES (RIGHT)

A high school pitcher (circle), then a lineman for Rockne (in tie, far left), Madigan as coach (above, far right) stressed "training."

vain hope of getting a decent night's sleep, but a knock on the door of his drawing room roused him from his windowside reverie. He slipped into a burgundy dressing gown and admitted Art Cohn, the acerbic young sports editor of the *Oakland Tribune*, a good friend and, as far as Cohn's ironic nature permitted, a loyal Madigan supporter.

"The boys are missing you out there," Cohn said, swaying with the movement of the train. "I must say, though, you look like you could use some rest."

"I could."

"You know, Slip, they're saying if you don't beat Fordham, you're through."

The needling seemed to ignite some of the old fire inside. "So that's what they're saying, are they?" Madigan retorted. "O.K., Art, I've got a proposition for you."

"Of course you do."

"No, seriously, since you're obviously a genuine football expert, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. After Fordham, and after our little side trip to Mexico City, we've got one game left, with Loyola in Los Angeles."

"Right."

"So here's my proposition: If by some chance we don't beat Fordham, I'll let you coach the team on the field against Loyola. What do you say?"

"Are you kidding?"

"Certainly not."

"Then you got a deal." And Cohn bolted from the room to begin spreading the word among his fellow scribes.

The Fordham game trips (above, the Rams punt in '35) were lavish junkets with stops in places like the Grand Canyon.

Slip removed his dressing gown and headed, at last, for bed. "Well, what's the harm," he asked himself, as the train thundered through the impersonal night, "of one last little joke?"

Brother Gregory, the president of St. Mary's College, opened his office door one rainy afternoon in late December 1920 to see a rain-drenched youth standing there with matted black hair and a dimpled smile. The 43-year-old brother was certain this must be a student applying for the spring semester. The intruder was obviously new to the campus, because Brother Gregory personally knew every one of the 135 undergraduates in this college run by the order of Christian Brothers.

"I'm Slip Madigan," the young man quickly advised Brother Gregory. "And I could be just the Christmas present St. Mary's is looking for."

Edward Patrick Madigan, the son of Irish immigrants, was 25 then, newly married and not yet a year out of Notre Dame, where he had been a 160-pound varsity lineman for three seasons, with a year off for naval duty in World War I. In 1919, his last season at South Bend, he had been a teammate of George Gipp's on Knute Rockne's first undefeated and untied team. After graduation, in June '20, Madigan coached one season at Columbia Prep in Portland, Ore., taking a team that had not won a game the year before to the city prep championship. His success

in Portland was duly noted by a visiting Christian Brother, who urged Madigan to apply for the vacant football job at St. Mary's, then occupying a single building—called the Old Brickpile—near downtown Oakland.

And now Slip Madigan stood before Brother Gregory, who, impressed by the applicant's brass and by his Notre Dame credentials, hired him on the spot. "You'll have to coach everything, though," he told the young man. "You might even have to collect tickets." And he might well have added, "See if you can find enough players to make a team."

As coach of football, baseball and basketball and as an instructor in law, economics and history at St. Mary's, Madigan received an annual salary of only $1,200. To make ends meet, he and his wife, Charlotte, opened a sandwich shop across the street from campus. His mother-in-law was the cook.

It would be an understatement to say that as football coach Slip faced a major rebuilding job—St. Mary's 1920 football season could charitably be described as having been catastrophic. After opening losses of 6–0 to the Mare Island Marines and 41–0 to Stanford, St. Mary's next played the University of California's first vaunted Wonder Team in Berkeley. The Golden Bears won 127–0; Brother Gregory immediately canceled the remainder of the schedule.

Madigan had just 17 candidates turn out for the 1921 squad. He outfitted them with hand-me-down uniforms and shod them with cut-rate shoes into which he himself screwed the cleats. On game days he supplemented his squad with "recruits" from among nonplaying students, oversized high school kids and a few local dockworkers, who just sat on the bench to give the opposition the illusion it was facing a real team.

From his old mentor, Rockne, he borrowed the famous Notre Dame backfield shift as well as the conviction that games are won on the practice field. Like Rockne, Madigan made sure that his players were spectacularly well conditioned—no mean advantage in an era when players were obliged to perform on both offense and defense, sometimes for the full 60 minutes.

Madigan's 1921 team was ragtag but rugged and finished the season 4–3. It was one of the losses, in fact, that was the season's great triumph: St. Mary's fell to Cal's second Wonder Team, but by a 21–0 score, a 106-point improvement over the previous year. Slip forever after hailed this moral victory as the coaching feat of the century. In his second year Madigan went 3-5-1; he would not suffer another losing season until his last.

The bench props were soon supplanted by players that Madigan, a most persuasive recruiter, discovered in the Irish and Italian working-class neighborhoods of San Francisco and Oakland and on the farms of the vast California Central Valley. These were young men who might not ordinarily have gone to college but who, upon arriving there on a Madigan scholarship, worked diligently to stay.

In 1924 Madigan got the break he needed to crack the big time when a dispute between Stanford and USC over player eligibility caused cancellation of their game that season. Madigan offered St. Mary's to fill the hole in either schedule. Stanford said no; Southern Cal, coached by Gloomy Gus Henderson, condescended to play Madigan's team. In six games that season the Trojans had lost only to Cal and were considered, as usual, one of the better teams in the country. But Madigan was ready with his best, including workhorse fullback Norman (Red) Strader, a smart quarterback in Louis (Dutch) Conlan and a rotating trio of halfbacks—Jimmy Underhill, Leo Rooney, Hugh (Ducky) Grant—a unit that the press, in emulation of Rockne's famous equine quartet, dubbed the Pony Backfield.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE ARCHIVES (LEFT); JAMES PEREZ (BELOW)

A relatively meager crowd of some 35,000 turned up in the Los Angeles Coliseum to watch this band of unknowns play mighty Southern Cal. St. Mary's didn't even have the requisite fight song then, so the Trojans' band director, improvising, played the popular tune *The Bells of St. Mary's*, which Madigan instantly adopted as the school song.

The game, however, began on a distinctly sour note: 15 seconds after the opening kickoff, USC's Hank LeFebvre scored on a 73-yard reverse. But with Strader carrying the load, St. Mary's rallied and trailed at halftime by only 10–7. Still, Madigan was not pleased. "This generation of Irish has lost its guts," he shouted into the upraised Gaelic faces in the locker room at intermission.

St. Mary's scored a go-ahead touchdown in the third quarter. Then, with three minutes remaining in the game, the Trojans launched a final drive from their own 37-yard line, desperate to stave off a hu-

miliating upset, and moved to the St. Mary's six with less than a minute left. Three line plunges carried the ball to within a foot of the goal with seven seconds on the clock, but with no timeouts remaining, USC could not get off another play. St. Mary's had held against one of football's elite.

The 14–10 upset had far-reaching consequences. Henderson resigned under pressure. Stanford, not Southern Cal, went to the Rose Bowl, where it lost to Rockne's Four Horsemen. And little St. Mary's became the game's newest sensation. Madigan never looked back.

These are the Roaring Twenties, and for Slip Madigan and his boys the good times roll on and on and on. . . . In 1926 St. Mary's beats California for the first time, 26–7, inspiring Pat Frayne of the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin* to dub the team the Galloping Gaels, a nickname that sticks. The '26 team finishes undefeated. In '27 Pop Warner's Stanford Indians fall 16–0 in a game so rough and injury-riddled that Stanford thereafter refuses to schedule another Madigan-coached team. All seven of the wins of the '27 Gaels are shutouts, validating Madigan's creed that defense wins more often than offense.

"He was a defensive genius," says one of his linemen, George Canrinus, now 82. "He had us blitzing and stunting long before it was common. We didn't have to score much to win."

In 1929 the Gaels go undefeated and unscored upon until the last quarter of their ninth and final game, when Oregon's Bob Robinson connects on a 20-yard touchdown to Al Browne. St. Mary's wins anyway, 31–6.

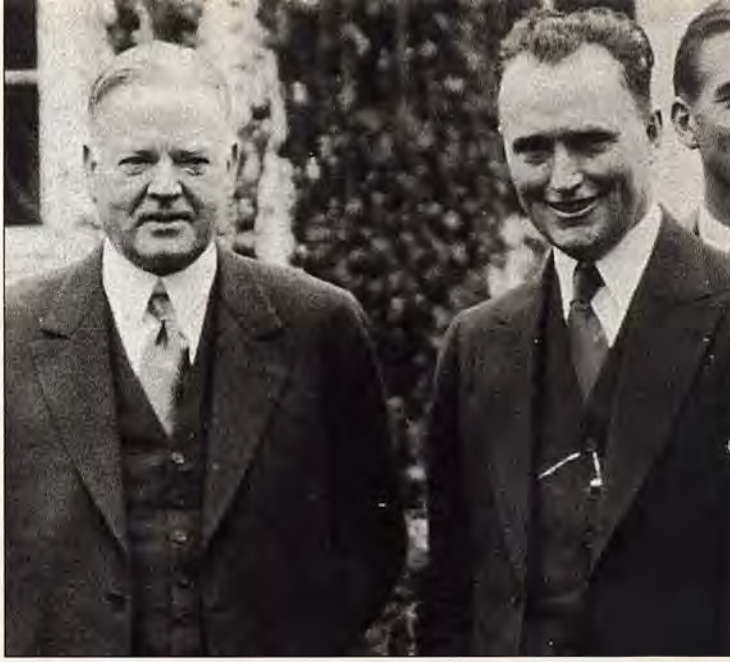
Rockne, who refuses to schedule St. Mary's, advises Slip that if he really wants to make the collegiate big leagues, he has to play in New York. Madigan, taking this to heart, is able to fill an open date on the home schedule of powerful Fordham for 1930. Intersectional games between schools from opposite coasts are rare because of the time and cost involved in traveling cross-country by train, but Slip sees this as no obstacle. That summer, with the game safely scheduled for Nov. 15 in New York's Polo Grounds, he writes to his players, "From the rock-bound shores of Maine to the beaches of sunny California, the St. Mary's Gaels are about to make history."

And money. Madigan forms his own travel agency and, with the cooperation of the Santa Fe railroad, organizes a two-week excursion to New York for players and fans, with a side trip to Washington, D.C., thrown in. One hundred fifty "streetcar alumni" and six actual alums sign on for the maiden voyage of the Slip Madigan St. Mary's–Fordham Special, thereafter known as "the world's longest bar."

To prepare New York for his arrival, Madigan dispatches an enterprising student public-relations assistant named Will Stevens as his advance man, arming him with a thousand dollars in cash and a satchel packed with 'Coon Hollow bootleg whiskey. Stevens, later a popular San Francisco newspaperman, arrives a week before the Special. He hounds Damon Runyon, who finally writes a column about the upcoming game. By swallowing a slab of uncooked meat, Stevens persuades Grantland Rice to write that the St. Mary's crew is so tough they eat raw steak.

"I was never so sick in all my life," Stevens later recalls, "but it was worth it."

For Madigan's players this inaugural tour is a storybook adventure. For the rest of the entourage, it is a nonstop party. Madigan entertains nightly in his twin drawing rooms on the train. Joe Millett, a Bay Area businessman, recognizes no closing hour and knows no shortage of bootleg hooch in his compartment. Another booster, Dan Maher, sets off such a racket with his firecrackers at Chicago's Union Station that the homicide squad is summoned to quell what bystanders fear is another gangland shoot-out.



As the Gaels became a powerhouse, Madigan became a celeb, hobnobbing with Hoover, Errol Flynn and Babe Ruth.

In New York, Madigan stashes his team at the posh Westchester Country Club in suburban Rye and his fans at the Vanderbilt Hotel in Manhattan, where two nights before the game he tosses a press party that one celebrant describes as combining "the most spectacular features of an old-fashioned Irish wake and the last days of Pompeii." Madigan explains, perhaps seriously, "It doesn't cost any more to go first class."

All that remains is the game. Fordham, coached by the Iron Major, Frank Cavanaugh, is unbeaten and has outscored its opponents 181–9. The Gaels have lost only to California, 7–6. The coast-versus-coast matchup draws such attention that it is broadcast nationally by CBS radio, with star announcer Ted Husing at the microphone. But Fordham scores two easy touchdowns in the first half and appears headed for a runaway victory. The Gaels troop miserably into the locker room at halftime, fearing lord-knows-what from their fuming coach.

Halftime oratory, in this era, is considered as essential to gridiron success as any combination of X's and O's, and Madigan is a master of the genre, a spellbinder beyond compare, a veritable Barrymore of the bathhouse.

"He had a kind of magic," recalls Lou Ferry, 78, one of Slip's quarterbacks. "Even the most cynical veteran players were ready to run through the walls after he finished talking."

No oratorical ruse is beneath Madigan. Close members of his family are perpetually invoked, always on their deathbeds, pleading with Slip to win just one more before they pass into the great beyond. Madigan's young son, Ed, lies on the edge of extinction virtually every week. Slip does not skip a beat when, during one such locker room lament for the terminally ill child, young Ed himself wanders in to hear what all the fuss is about. He, too, begins weeping over his own fate.

And so now, sitting there in the bowels of the Polo Grounds,

his players wonder, What will the coach come up with this time? Madigan fixes them with his turquoise-blue eyes, then, tongue to the back of his teeth, he recreates the sound of a clicking telegraph key. "Tick, tick, tick," he clicks. "The news is crossing the country that the Gaels are failures. Tick, tick, tick." Then, tearfully recounting the team's climb from the obscurity of the Brickpile to national favor, he cries out, "The fighting human heart is made to win! Do you hear me? The fighting human heart is made to win! Now, who will fight for old St. Mary's?"

From the rear of the room, one voice rises above the din: "I will, Slip! I will!" It is Angelo Brovelli, a sophomore second-string fullback.

"Then you'll get your chance," Slip rejoices, tears cascading down his rubious cheeks. "You'll get your chance!"

Brovelli starts the second half and, carrying tacklers with him, hurtles forward four straight times, to the Fordham 19. The

JAMES PEREZ (3)

Gaels score on a pass from Fred (Stud) Stennett to Dick Sperbeck. Twice more they score, spurred on by the helmetless Brovelli, his thick black hair cushioning his ferocious line plunges. Fordham is held scoreless in the second half.

The upset is hailed nationwide. Copeland Burg of the International News Service writes, "From Maine to Mineola they are bowing to Slip Madigan's blue ghosts, who slipped through the fog and murk of the Polo Grounds Saturday afternoon to turn back the unbeaten, untied Fordham, 20–12."

Back home the Gaels, wearing derby hats, ride at the head of a parade up San Francisco's Market Street—this after a stopover to meet President Hoover in the White House. Fordham demands a rematch. Madigan accedes after first negotiating a guarantee of $10,000 to cover travel expenses. It is a small price to pay, he suggests, for a legend in the making.

"Years and years ago, out in the beautiful Valley of the Moragas where Don Moraga and his vaqueros rode forth from the shelter of his adobe casa on a little knoll overlooking the valley, they

saw the stately trees, gowned in brown and gold, that a few days before had been clothed in shining green. They knew that autumn had come; that days of peace and rest had come to the beloved valley and hills."

Thus, in prose, did belletrist Madigan consecrate the new St. Mary's campus in the Moraga Valley. The move from the dreary Brickpile to this pastoral setting east of the Oakland-Berkeley hills was made in 1928, and Madigan personally raised an additional $115,000 to build the gymnasium that yet bears his name. The St. Mary's student body had increased fourfold since Madigan's first season, not merely coincidental with the growing fame of the football team and its histrionic head coach.

"Sit down, Slip! Sit down, Slip!" the multitudes chanted happily as Madigan strode like a Caesar before his bench. Snappily dressed in a blue serge suit and navy-blue topcoat, a checkered silk scarf fluttering beneath his noble chin and a pearl-gray fedora atop the sable locks, he roamed his stage, braying at the officials, "What're you doing out there, you horse thieves?"

It was Madigan's view that football—and society at large—had far too many rules. Did Prohibition make sense? Unnecessary roughness? Games and life itself, he said, were better when played with "wild abandon." And so when some referee indiscriminately tossed his flag, Madigan, in unbearable anguish, ripped that pristine fedora from his head, smashed it to the turf, stomped it to ruins and hurled the remains at the offending authority. "That hat," recalls Gael fullback Andy Marefos, now 75, "was on the field as much as we were."

It was all, of course, part of the Madigan persona. "In every St. Mary's crowd of, say, 50,000," wrote San Francisco *Examiner* columnist Prescott Sullivan, "25,000 are there to see Madigan get licked, 25,000 to see him win."

The Cal game at Berkeley annually drew 70,000 or more. The Fordham series filled the Polo Grounds to its 55,000 capacity. The 1931 game against USC, which the Gaels won 13–7 over coach Howard Jones's otherwise undefeated national champions, was watched by 70,000 at the L.A. Coliseum. And the annual clash with Santa Clara became known as the Little Big Game, drawing raucous crowds of 60,000 to expanded Kezar Stadium in San Francisco.

Madigan had more than a rooting interest in big turnouts. With St. Mary's on the rise, he had negotiated a sweetheart deal with the Christian Brothers that, in addition to a modest salary, gave him 10% of the net gate at every game. By the mid-1930s,

deep in the Great Depression, he was the highest-paid coach in the country, with earnings estimated at more than $30,000 annually, virtually all of it from his percentage arrangement. As fellow coaching legend Bo McMillin remarked, "It's wrong to say that little St. Mary's College cut Slip Madigan in on the receipts. The truth of the matter is that Slip actually cut little St. Mary's in for a share." And yet, as Madigan later boasted, "There was always money in the till when I was coaching."

No one could complain that he didn't give the fans a run for his money. His showmanship even extended to costume design. From the early 1930s on, he dressed his bruisers in multicolored satin and silk; compared with more conventionally attired opponents, they looked like so many courtiers in a court of the Bourbons. In '36 his giants were turned out like leprechauns, all in green pants and jerseys, with gold harps on the bodices. For the most part, though, game wear was a modest ensemble of red silk pants, red helmets and royal-blue silk jerseys with white epaulets, which Henry McLemore of UPI described as "patterned after the formal dress coat of a high-ranking French Army officer. . . . Heaven help the St. Mary's player who catches a pass in such a position that he wrinkles his suit."

Each year the Fordham excursion grew longer and more ambitious. On one of these Madigan and a cohort named Max Podlech were separated from the group during a tour of the White House and blundered into a private study. "What can I do for you, my good men?" the occupant inquired. "Oh, hi, FDR," Podlech responded, backing away respectfully.

The 1934 junket covered 8,072 miles, 17 states and six Canadian provinces. In '37 Madigan took his team and some 250 revelers to Havana, where he had his photograph taken with the president of Cuba; he used the picture on the Christmas cards he sent that year. En route to the '38 game he had his punter, Jerry Dowd, who had led the nation in '37 with a 44-yard average, boot a ball into the Grand Canyon to confirm Madigan's boast that "Jerry can *really* kick the ball a mile."

Madigan prided himself on training his press agents, and in Tom (Tom-Tom) Foudy, class of 1935, he found a dream drumbeater. A week before fall practice was to begin in '36, Foudy spotted star end Jimmy Austin on campus. Austin, a handsome lad, told Foudy that he had such a good summer job as a handyman on the MGM lot in Hollywood that he was thinking of quitting school and maybe taking a crack at acting himself. Foudy then asked if, by chance, Austin had actually met any of the MGM stars. Austin said that, yes, Jean Harlow, the Platinum Blonde, waved to him once—or at least he thought she did.

Foudy needed no more. Headlines in the *Oakland Tribune* the next day declared that Austin was giving up football for Jean Harlow. A nice piece of publicity, thought Foudy, and Madigan heartily concurred. Within hours, newspapers across the country besieged both St. Mary's and MGM for details of the affair between the gridder and the glamour girl. Studio press agents responded predictably that Miss Harlow and the football player were "just good friends." Austin sequestered himself in the home of relatives; Foudy hinted to the press that he may have been kidnapped. Madigan philosophized that while the fighting human heart is made to win, it can all too easily be broken by love. Austin finally reappeared and announced he was ready to play football for St. Mary's. Foudy told reporters that Austin was renouncing Harlow for Madigan.

Alas, this was one stunt the Christian Brothers did not find amusing. Brother Albert Rahill, the St. Mary's president, even wrote to the actress apologizing for the mischief. Much to his surprise, she responded amiably and invited him to drop by the studio the next time he was in L.A. Much to her surprise, good Brother Albert did, and over a bottle of Scotch they shared lamentations on the burdens of celebrity.

Madigan was a sideline genius, but a penchant for pomp and publicity ultimately brought his high-flying program down.

Before the Little Big Game of 1938, with a rumored Cotton Bowl bid in the offing, Madigan had Foudy make certain that Cotton Bowl founder J. Curtis Sanford was surrounded by St. Mary's operatives during the game. When the Gaels won 7–0, Foudy hurried Sanford downstairs to meet Madigan for dinner. "I caught up with them later that night having a high old time at Shanty Malone's bar," Foudy, now 80, recalls. "Slip had taken Sanford to the Fairmont Hotel, where he'd introduced him to Marlene Dietrich, who was performing there. How Slip knew Marlene, I'm not sure. But I understand Sanford actually danced with the woman. We got the Cotton Bowl bid."

And the Gaels beat Texas Tech 20–13 in Dallas on New Year's Day, limiting the Red Raiders' star halfback, Elmer (the Great) Tarbox, to just eight yards on seven carries. It would be Madigan's last big win.

Slip and Charlotte had enjoyed a rare night on the town together. What with the demands of coaching, his immense popularity as an after-dinner speaker and his general predilection for staying up to all hours, Slip hadn't had much time to spend with his

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE ARCHIVES (LEFT); JAMES PEREZ (BELOW)

wife and three children at their fine Spanish-style home in the Oakland hills. But on this night, March 10, 1940, they had gone to Mass and then to the movies to see *Northwest Passage*, starring Slip's good friend Spencer Tracy.

For a few hours at least, Slip had been able to put the disastrous 1939 season behind him. The Gaels had indeed lost to Fordham in New York, and true to his word, Slip had let columnist Cohn direct the team in their final game, against Loyola in Los Angeles. In fact, Slip's ulcers had confined him to his bed at the Biltmore Hotel during the game, which, Cohn would gleefully brag, St. Mary's won 40–7.

After the season, 14 St. Mary's players had been declared ineligible by the school for scholastic reasons, a serious blow to any hopes for 1940. Slip knew also that the college had been in serious financial straits for much of the Depression. His percentage-of-the-gate deal had been discontinued by the athletic board, which had insisted, albeit in vain, that he either toe the line on expenses or resign.

Still, Slip went to bed that night convinced, as always, that somehow he would work his way through this. He got the bad news the next day. Athletic board chairman J. Philip Murphy, a tackle on Madigan's great 1929 team, announced flatly that Slip's contract would not be renewed. No reason was given for the action, but the message was clear: Slip Madigan was fired. THE SHOW'S OVER read the headline in the *Call-Bulletin*.

Madigan at first protested, blaming irresponsible enemies on the athletic board. But the fact was, the financially strapped college could no longer afford such a big spender. The Brothers were also concerned that far too many visitors to the college were translating the white SMC block letters set into the hillside above the campus as Slip Madigan College. The athletic tail had wagged the academic dog too long.

Murphy further announced that the famous Fordham junkets "are things of the past. From now on, St. Mary's teams will go by direct line to New York and come back as fast as possible. We will never again visit a foreign country during a football trip."

Madigan reluctantly accepted the verdict. "I suspected from the start it wasn't steady work," he told reporters.

In 19 years he had built a record of 116-46-12 against some of the best teams in the country. From 1928 to 1939, his winning percentage of .729 was among the best anywhere. Now it was time to get on with the rest of his life. "Dad took football for what it was," says his son, Ed. "He had other interests."

For a time he was general manager of a Bay Area racetrack. He sat in for an old teammate, Eddie Anderson, as the coach at the University of Iowa for two wartime seasons while Anderson was in the service. He was G.M. for a year and a half for the professional Los Angeles Dons of the All-America Football Conference. And then, in partnership with Ed, he rather quietly made a fortune in real estate development in the Bay Area. On Oct. 10, 1966, after spending much of the night talking with Ed about football and old friends, Slip Madigan, wealthy and happy, died in his sleep of a heart attack at the age of 70.

Although many of the housing subdivisions he built in his last years were within a few miles of St. Mary's College, Madigan never set foot on the campus from the day he was fired to the day he died. But that's not to say he didn't drop in at least once afterward.

It was the fall of 1983, and St. Mary's, which had dropped football in 1951 for financial reasons, had returned to the gridiron, now as a Division II team. After a tough practice session, a defensive lineman named Steve Jacoby decided to take a snooze before showering in the Madigan Gym. He grabbed a wrestling mat, plopped it down in the middle of the basketball court and, almost instantly, fell asleep. He awakened hours later to a strange vision. There, atop the bleachers, he could make out the form of a man swiftly pacing back and forth. "Hello up there," Jacoby called out. The distant figure made no response, continuing to pace back and forth.

Jacoby was wide awake now. He climbed to his feet and moved in for a closer look. Moonlight was seeping in through the gymnasium windows. While the restless figure remained mostly indistinct, Jacoby could see in the fresh light that he was dressed in a dark suit of an old-fashioned cut and had on a topcoat and scarf. He was wearing a battered gray hat that looked strangely out of place with the rest of his neat clothes. Jacoby could hear a faint sound, almost like the roar of a distant crowd. "Hello, mister," he tried again.

No answer. Then the mystery man took one more turn and, as suddenly as he had appeared, was gone. Gone, although there was no nearby exit. Jacoby got out of there as fast as his legs would carry him.

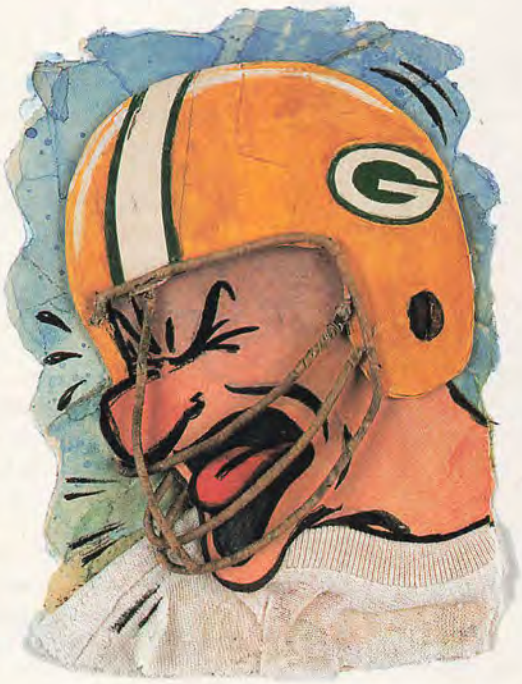
Had the spirit returned to the place where the man refused to go? We'll never know. But it was autumn then in the beautiful Valley of the Moragas, and "the stately trees were gowned in brown and gold." They were playing football again at St. Mary's. Surely Slip Madigan couldn't stay away forever. ✶

WHAT IF?

★ ★ ★

SHORT BY A NOSE

A chilling suppositional saga from the annals of the NFL • by Rick Reilly



IN THE long history of sneezes, the most disastrous, surely, was the one loosed on Dec. 31, 1967, at Lambeau Field in Green Bay, Wis., from the crystallized nostrils of a long-forgotten Green Bay Packer lineman named Jerry Kramer.

On that frigid afternoon, in what has ever since been known as the Ice Bowl, the Packers fought their way back up the field against the Dallas Cowboys, through a bone-numbing windchill of 46 below. Trailing 17–14 with only 16 seconds left, the Pack had reached the goal line and, facing third down, needed a foot to win the 1967 NFL title and a berth in the second-ever Super Bowl.

Who can forget the scene? The sportswriters in the press box, trying to scrape the ice off the windows to see the play; the steaming breath of the linemen as they awaited the snap; quarterback Bart Starr of the Packers approaching the line, ready to bark the signal that would begin the play that would end the game one calamitous way or another; the unmistakable look on the granite face of Green Bay head coach Vince Lombardi—scared.

Normally as conservative as a preacher, Lombardi risked it all on this play. A touchdown at this moment would win the game, a field goal would tie, but there wasn't time to try both. Remarkably, Lombardi elected to try for the win, even though on first and second downs from the Dallas one, Green Bay halfback Donny Anderson had slipped for no gain.

Starr knew that the Packers' only chance was for him to carry the ball. "Can you get your footing for a wedge play?" he asked Kramer, his right guard. "Hell, yes," said Kramer through numb lips.

Kramer's job was to push the Cowboys' monster left tackle, Jethro Pugh, to the side just long enough for Starr to sneak through. But as Kramer stepped to the line, his socks frozen solid around his toes, he felt the slightest tickle in his nose. He wasn't sure, but he thought he felt a sneeze coming on. As he started to take his three-point stance, he thought it had gone away, but as Starr yelled "Set!" the tickle came back stronger. Kramer tried to remember the old bromide: *Look at the sun to make a sneeze go away*. Or was that to make you sneeze more quickly?

Just as Starr was about to say "Hut," it hit him. Kramer closed his eyes and unleashed a whopper. In that microbyte of a moment, the ball was snapped; Pugh slid inside Kramer and clobbered Starr at the one. The clock ran out. All glory and honor belonged to Dallas. All Kleenex sent mockingly through the mail would soon belong to Kramer.

More than any other, that one sneeze changed the fates of many men. For one thing, it changed television. The play was shown over and over and over again in slow motion—Kramer's nostrils erupting in a steamy blast as Pugh sneaked past—making slo-mo instant replay a fixture in network broadcasts.

Lombardi's career was forever altered. Though he'd won four NFL titles going into that game, Green Bay fans were spoiled. They rode him mercilessly for not going for the tie in the Ice Bowl and giving his cold-weather Packers a chance to win in overtime. Packer management soon decided to rebuild, and handed the project to a then-unheard-of assistant coach named Phil Bengston. Given a few years' honeymoon after the rancorous departure of Lombardi, Bengston, of course, led the Packers to five Super Bowl titles, making him, in many minds, the greatest coach in NFL history.

It was that sneeze that made Pugh a star too. An 11th-round draft choice from tiny Elizabeth City State, he became a household name in America and was besieged with offers. He wrote his classic sports book, *Bless You, Jerry Kramer*, with Dick Schaap. For years thereafter, his legions of fans packed the section of Texas Stadium known as Jethro's Pews, each fan wearing a blue-and-white clothespin on his nose in honor of his hero's last name; Pugh's fame eventually landed him his starring role in the long-running NBC hit *Me and My Jethro*.

Dallas's victory that day proved, of course, to be Pyrrhic. Though a few of those Cowboys were able to turn that great triumph into postfootball careers—notably Senator Lance Rentzel—the team drooped. The Cowboys looked miserable in losing that Super Bowl II to the Oakland Raiders and didn't see the playoffs again for many years. By 1990, when the club moved to Jacksonville, the Cowboys had not even sniffed another Super Bowl.

As for poor Jerry Kramer, he never lived down his infamous sneeze. Signs were planted in front of his house (KRAMER NEEDS TO BLOW), and six months later the Packers traded him to Baltimore. He lasted only two more years in the league and was virtually invisible except for a series of TV ads for Contac cold capsules. "If I had known about Contac," Kramer said in the commercials, "I might be in the Hall of Fame today."

The last anybody saw of Kramer, he was living in a motel on the outskirts of Atlanta. The day he disappeared, he left only one clue, the beginnings of an autobiography. He had gotten only as far as the title: *Nobody Nose the Trouble I've Seen.* ✶

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